

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
{ Vol. CXXIII

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## BRITISH ASSOCIATION, 1874.

## NOTES OF THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

In the very beginnings of science, the parsons,  
 who managed things then,  
 Being handy with hammer and chisel, made  
 gods in the likeness of men;  
 Till commerce arose, and at length some men  
 of exceptional power  
 Supplanted both demons and gods by the  
 atoms, which last to this hour.  
 Yet they did not abolish the gods, but they  
 sent them well out of the way,  
 With the rarest of nectar to drink, and blue  
 fields of nothing to sway.  
 From nothing comes nothing, they told us,  
 nought happens by chance, but by fate;  
 There is nothing but atoms and void, all else  
 is mere whims out of date!  
 Then why should a man curry favour with  
 beings who cannot exist,  
 To compass some petty promotion in nebulous  
 kingdoms of mist?  
 But not by the rays of the sun, nor the glitter-  
 ing shafts of the day,  
 Must the fear of the gods be dispelled, but by  
 words, and their wonderful play.  
 So treading a path all untrod, the poet-phil-  
 osopher sings  
 Of the seeds of the mighty world — the first-  
 beginnings of things;  
 How freely he scatters his atoms before the  
 beginning of years;  
 How he clothes them with force as a garment,  
 those small incompressible spheres!  
 Nor yet does he leave them hard-hearted — he  
 dowers them with love and with hate,  
 Like spherical small British Asses in in-  
 finitesimal state;  
 Till just as that living Plato, whom foreigners  
 nickname Plateau,\*  
 Drops oil in his whisky-and-water (for foreign-  
 ers sweeten it so),  
 Each drop keeps apart from the other, en-  
 closed in a flexible skin,  
 Till touched by the gentle emotion evolved by  
 the prick of a pin:  
 Thus in atoms a simple collision excites a  
 sensational thrill,  
 Evolved through all sorts of emotion, as sense,  
 understanding, and will;  
 There is nobody here, I should say, has felt  
 true indignation at all,  
 Till an indignation meeting is held in the  
 Ulster Hall;  
 Then gathers the wave of emotion, the noble  
 feelings arise,  
 Till you all pass a resolution which takes every  
 man by surprise.  
 Thus the pure elementary atom, the unit of  
 mass and of thought,  
 By force of mere juxtaposition to life and  
 sensation is brought;

\* *Statique Expérimentale et Théorique des Liquides  
 soumis aux seules Forces Moléculaires.* Par J. Pla-  
 eau, Professeur à l'Université de Gand.

So, down through untold generations, trans-  
 mission of structureless germs  
 Enables our race to inherit the thoughts of  
 beasts, fishes, and worms.  
 We honour our fathers and mothers, grand-  
 fathers and grandmothers too;  
 But how shall we honour the vista of ances-  
 tors now in our view?  
 First, then, let us honour the atom, so lively,  
 so wise, and so small;  
 The atomists next let us praise, Epicurus, Lu-  
 cretius, and all;  
 Let us damn with faint praise Bishop Butler,  
 in whom many atoms combined  
 To form that remarkable structure which it  
 pleased him to call — his mind.  
 Last, praise we the noble body to which, for  
 the time, we belong,  
 Ere yet the swift whirl of the atoms has hur-  
 ried us, ruthless, along,  
 The British Association — like Leviathan wor-  
 shipped by Hobbes,  
 The incarnation of wisdom, built up of our  
 witless nobs,  
 Which will carry on endless discussions, when  
 I, and probably you,  
 Have melted in infinite azure — and, in short,  
 till all is blue.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE VOYAGE.

## I. — ANCHORED.

O WEARY days and nights, so still, so still —  
 The useless sails hang flapping stiff and  
 slow;  
 We pine and chafe, and set our helpless will  
 In vain revolt at what to change, to know,  
 Is not for us. We hear the strong winds  
 blow  
 And fret as in the east, the west, we see  
 Great ships and small go sliding fast and free.

## II. — ADRIFT.

O fearful days and nights so dark, so cold —  
 The swift waves mock and leap on every  
 side;  
 No rudder steers; no mast, no spar, can hold;  
 We think no ear could hear us if we cried;  
 We think God would not miss us if we died;  
 We feel forgotten, helpless, cast away;  
 We shut our eyes and do not even pray.

## III. — ON SHORE.

O peaceful days, and peaceful nights whose  
 peace  
 Cannot be uttered! O green shores of life  
 Beyond the body! Shall we ever cease  
 To smile that through such hot and silly  
 strife  
 We came? That doubts and fears could  
 grow so rife?  
 That we could fail to see how God's good  
 hand  
 Our anchorings and our driftings planned?

From The Quarterly Review.  
MODERN CULTURE.\*

THE struggle between the Girondins and the Jacobins in the first French Revolution has a far wider significance than the passing strife of rival factions. It represents the rupture between two elementary forces of the Revolution, temporarily combined for a common object of destruction—the men of action and the men of letters. The philosophic party, of which the Girondins were the political expression, had given the movement its first form and impulse, had clothed it in heart-stirring phrases, specious sophistry, and brilliant romance. So long as action was restricted to an assault on existing institutions, the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the Church, the Girondins were the men who encouraged and guided the mind of the people. But when, after the revolution of the 10th August, the philosophers found themselves, for the first time in the history of the world, the sole rulers of a great nation, their political incapacity was at once apparent. Not one act of statesman-like energy can be credited to the Girondins during the brief period of their power. They were undecided before the enemy on the frontier, impotent among the mob in Paris, powerful only within the walls of the Assembly, and after a bare year of nominal rule all of the party who were not in hiding in the provinces had perished beneath the guillotine.

What was the cause of a rise so prodigious and a fall so disastrous? The aim of the literary or Girondin party was perfection—a dream that has always attracted and amused the minds of philosophers. Plato had given it form in his

"Republic;" Bacon and Sir Thomas More in the "Atlantis" and "Utopia." But both the last were the mere sportive fancies of practical statesmen, while Plato says of his own republic: "Perhaps in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it for him who wishes to behold it, and beholding to organize himself accordingly. And the question of its present or future existence on earth is quite unimportant." The problem was not strange to theology, and on speculations of the kind Butler remarks, with his usual strong sagacity: "Suppose now a person of such a turn of mind to go on with his reveries, till he had at length fixed upon some plan of nature as appearing to him the best;—one shall scarce be thought guilty of detraction against human understanding, if one should say, even beforehand, that the plan which this speculative person would fix on, though he were the wisest of the sons of men, would not be the very best, even according to his own notions of the best."

Yet this finite capacity of the human mind was precisely what the revolutionary philosophers refused to admit. Each of them assumed that the conception of perfection he had himself formed had a positive external equivalent. Hence their reasoning was constructively valueless, for it was based on a *petitio principii*, or an assumption of what it was really necessary to prove. On the other hand, the magic of the word "perfection," and the natural inclination of men to overlook its essentially relative character, made it irresistible as a weapon of destruction. "It would be advisable," said Danton, speaking in the Girondin dialect, "that the Convention should issue an address to assure the people that it wishes to destroy nothing, but to perfect everything; and that if we pursue fanaticism, it is because we desire perfect freedom of religious opinion." How easy on such premises to argue that all human frailties and crimes were to be ascribed to the imperfection of existing institutions, and that if the belief in revealed religion and the fear of tyrannous authority were destroyed, the mind would reassert its native dignity! So, at least,

\* 1. *Sartor Resartus*. By Thomas Carlyle. Popular edition. London, 1871.

2. *Latter-day Pamphlets*. By the Same. Popular edition. London, 1871.

3. *Culture and Anarchy*. By Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. London, 1870.

4. *Literature and Dogma*. By the Same. London, 1873.

5. *St. Paul and Protestantism*. By the Same. London, 1869.

6. *Studies of the Greek Poets*. By J. A. Symonds. London, 1873.

7. *Essays on the Renaissance*. By W. H. Pater. London, 1873.

reasoned Condorcet, who thought that the first step towards perfection was to annihilate the idea of a personal God. And such was the dream of Madame Roland, who, in her hatred of an aristocracy socially superior to herself, conceived that the earth, relieved of such an incubus, would presently bring forth Brutuses and Timoleons with all the austere virtues of imaginary republics. No wonder, therefore, that when the first fruits of liberty and equality appeared in the September massacres and the rise of the Mountain, the Girondins were filled with dismay and despaired of the situation. The character of the party is well expressed in the epigram of Dumourlez, who said that the republic, as conceived by the Girondins, was like the romance of a clever woman.

Girondism has survived the Girondins. Though checked on the field of politics, philosophy has not yielded one tittle of her pretensions to universal spiritual dominion. But she has shifted her ground. Perfection, which was once sought in the state of nature, is now placed in the realms of art. The wide philosophical movement called "culture" has sapped the foundations of positive belief in Germany; its ideas have long been extolled by our own philosophers; it is now in the midst of society itself. "Are not new lights," asks one of its professors, whose doctrines we shall presently examine, "finding free passage to shine in upon us?" They are; and the question is, whether these are mere *ignes fatui*, or proceed, as the philosophers affirm, from the beacon of eternal truth. To every one who reflects it must be plain that society in England is now being exposed to a solvent like that which operated in France before the Revolution. On the other hand, philosophy no longer occupies the same masterful position as before the downfall of the gospel of Rousseau. Her approaches against the outworks of Christianity are masked under a cautious moderation, and even under the show of a patronizing friendship. It is, therefore, the interest of those who rest on the truth of an ancient tradition to bring the

question to an open issue, and we shall endeavour in the present article to extract from the new culture, of which we hear so much, a precise account of its meaning, to track it to its source, to subject it to proof, and thus to decide how far its actual powers are equal to its proposed end.

And first we are led to remark on the change in the meaning of the name. In the idea attaching to the word "cultivation" there are usually two main elements, society and criticism. By a cultivated age we mean an advanced state of society, recognizing certain laws or standards, both moral and intellectual, to which members of the community who desire a character for refinement are expected to conform. Such was the age of Pericles at Athens, of Augustus at Rome, of Louis XIV. in France, of Anne in England. We do not call the age of Elizabeth, though in many essential points a nobler epoch than either of the two last, a cultivated age, because, in the first place, society, in the modern sense, was only in its infancy, and, next, because criticism was almost unknown. Now the meaning in our day specially attaching to the word culture is "self-cultivation." The source of the movement, as we have said, is Germany, and the name of its prophet is perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most representative, in modern literature. No terms of panegyric are too extravagant for his disciples. "Knowest thou," says Mr. Carlyle, "no prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the godlike has revealed itself through all meanest and highest forms of the common, and by him been again prophetically revealed, in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, man's life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? I know him, and name him, Goethe." In his early days Goethe was an ardent apostle of the new principles of Rousseau, which he embodied in "The Sorrows of Werther." But his clear perception detected their inadequacy even before the catastrophe of the French Revolution.

One of the first to perceive the faults of



these works (says Mr. Carlyle, in days before he became a rhapsodist) was Goethe himself. In this unlooked-for and unexampled popularity he was far from feeling that he had attained his object: this first outpouring of his soul had calmed its agitations, not exhausted or even indicated its strength, and he now began to see afar off a much higher region, as well as glimpses of the track by which it might be attained. *To cultivate his own spirit*, not only as an author but a man, to obtain dominion over it, and wield its resources in the service of what seemed Good and Beautiful, had been his object, more or less distinctly, from the first, as it is that of all true men in their several spheres. According to his own deep maxim, that "Doubt of any kind can only be removed by action," this object had now become more clear to him; and he may be said to have pursued it to the present hour, with a comprehensiveness and an unwearied perseverance, rarely if ever exemplified in the history of such a mind.

Evidently there is nothing new in Goethe's aspiration. The subjection of the flesh to the spirit is the very essence of the doctrine of St. Paul. If the culture preached by Goethe be, indeed, the new gospel that Mr. Carlyle maintains, it must possess a larger catholicity and power of being translated into life and action than is shown by Christianity. Now, we doubt if any man has ever done more to render action impossible than Goethe's first English disciple, Mr. Carlyle. Action is what he has always been preaching, and yet in the same breath he has poured contempt on present action of every kind, whether as connected with the past, or constructive of the future. As we all know, he is content that "old sick society" should be burnt, in the faith that, somehow or other, "a phoenix" is to arise out of its ashes. Yet who so scornful as he of the vast army of nostrum-mongers, liberals, economists, utilitarians, and other professors of the "Dismal Science," who make shift to put something in the place of what they desire to destroy? The reason is that Mr. Carlyle is a poet, and sees the inadequacy of these materialistic systems. But while all great poetry stimulates to action, by "holding as 'twere the mirror up to nature," the sphere of Mr. Carlyle's

poetry is the supernatural. Posted in his "watchtower," in full sight of "God's Facts," "the Immensities," and "the Verities," he stimulates the intellect only to paralyze the power of action. What is his grand fundamental remedy? Self-annihilation. Does this mean more than St. Paul's words, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection"? If so, is the sense conveyed in the following passage?—"In fact, Christian doctrine, backed by all the human wisdom I could ever hear of, inclines me to think that Ignatius, had he been a good and wise man, *would have consented at this point to be damned*, as it was clear to him that he deserved to be. Here would have been a healing salve for his conscience, one transcendent *act of virtue*, which it still lay with him, the worst of sinners, to do. 'To die forever, as I have deserved; let Eternal Justice triumph so, since otherwise it may not.'" Is it not plain that in this passage is nothing of significance for human nature, nothing of practical import, nothing but the intoxication of paradox? So, again, in Mr. Carlyle's social philosophy, in his crusade, for instance, against "Downing Street," when, after a whirlwind of invective against the Diabolus spirit of Red Tape, the reader, in a moment's breathing-space, looks for the inspired advice, the oracle counsels profoundly, "Able men! Get able men in Downing Street!" In such bewildering chances do we find ourselves in our journeys with Mr. Carlyle, at one moment transported on a celestial metaphor, the next stranded upon a barren platitude! Why is this? And how comes the serene philosophy of Goethe to be translated into the turbulent and discontented system of his disciple? For our own part, we think the reason is not far to seek. Mr. Carlyle's ideals are wholly un-English. England is not Weimar, nor is the purely literary culture, which could develop itself at liberty in a petty German Court, undisturbed by even the rumour of politics, qualified to succeed amidst the vehement political life of a great and ancient nation.

A far more systematic attempt, how-

ever, to naturalize "culture" in England has been made by another disciple of Goethe. No one has more persistently preached the necessity of this new religion than Mr. Arnold; but perceiving clearly the impractical nature of Mr. Carlyle's mission, he has thrown his own efforts into the form of exposition, and has in every way sought to popularize his creed by indicating how it is to be embodied in our national life. Nor has he been by any means unsuccessful in engrafting his ideas on literary society. Like all the Girondin party, he knows thoroughly the value of phrases, and the very word "culture" itself, "perfection," "sweetness and light," "Hebraism," "Hellenism," and others now so commonly found in current literature, have been disseminated by his influence. And no wonder, for if any man could found a gospel on refinement it would be Mr. Arnold. Graceful and humane in his temperament, a master alike of literature and style, capable of receiving criticism with temper, and retorting it with wit, this true disciple of Goethe has received from fortune every gift, except the power to "see himself as others see him." "Culture," he says, "is to be recommended as the great help out of our present difficulties," and if, after examination, the remedy seems to be something less than the philosopher's stone, it will not be for want of clear exposition and unwavering faith on the part of its apostle.

Mr. Arnold, pursuing his meritorious object of making his system precise and popular, starts with a definition: "Culture, which is the study of perfection, leads us to conceive of true perfection, developing all sides of our humanity, and, as a general perfection, developing all parts of our society." And he subsequently shows that the question has a religious, political, and social aspect, in which triple division of his subject we shall do our best to follow him.

To be perfectly cultivated we must, according to Mr. Arnold, be perfectly religious, and to be perfectly religious we must have a proper understanding of the Bible. A significant admission from a philosopher of that party which, in its first rise, did its utmost to annihilate Christianity as a baneful superstition! Yet, so far as regards his own end, Mr. Arnold is right; for is it not the precept of the Founder of Christianity, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect"? The question, however, imme-

diately arises, is the perfection thus enjoined identical with that perfection which consists in a "harmonious development of all sides of our humanity"? We are thus led to ask for a clear definition of the common and traditional conception of Christianity, and we shall not find it better than in the words of Bishop Butler, a writer for whom Mr. Arnold professes the highest admiration:—

The divine government of the world, implied in the notion of religion in general and of Christianity, contains in it that mankind is appointed to live in a future state; that every one shall be rewarded or punished respectively for all that behaviour here which we comprehend under the words virtuous, morally good, or evil; that our present life is a probation, a state of trial, and of discipline for that future one; notwithstanding the objections which men may fancy they have from notions of necessity against there being any such moral plan as this at all; and whatever objections may appear to be against the wisdom and goodness of it, as it stands imperfectly made known to us at present; that the world being in a state of apostasy and wickedness, and the sense of their condition and duty being greatly corrupted among men, this gave occasion for an additional dispensation of Providence, of the utmost importance, proved by miracles, but containing in it many things strange and not to have been expected; a dispensation of Providence which is a scheme or system of things carried on by the mediation of a divine Person, the Messiah, in order to the recovery of the world, yet not revealed to all men, nor proved with the strongest evidence, but only to such a part of mankind, and with such particular evidence, as the wisdom of God thought fit.

Here is a plain and manly statement of Christianity, with all its difficulties, as it has been accepted by every Church, by every sect, and by the vast majority of individual Christians, since the time of its first dispensation. "A future state of rewards and punishments," "our present life a state of probation," "a dispensation of Providence carried on by a divine Person, the Messiah," these are conceptions, which perhaps give a somewhat rude shock to the idea of a perfection looked for in the actual world, and consisting in the serene "development of all sides of our humanity." The orthodox belief, however, Mr. Arnold says, is a failure; the working classes will have nothing to say to it. Though it is hard to see how, in the sight of reason, this fact affects the question, Mr. Arnold considers it a valid argument against the truth of the popular faith, and a reason for

reversing the time-honoured conclusion respecting Mahomet and the mountain. Since the working classes, he seems to argue, will not come to Christianity, we must suit Christianity to the working classes. To bring about this result he considers it will be necessary to eliminate dogma from religion; in other words, to distil out all the supposed facts on which the Christian revelation is based, and to take the residuum of idea as the real heart and essence of the matter. For this purpose he proposes to apply to Christianity the highly popular modern doctrine of evolution. Each age, he says, has had its own conception of Christianity, and each age has been making, slowly but surely, towards the modern professorial standpoint. Something here appears to us somewhat to savour of that *petitio principii*, which we have seen to be such a frequent apparition in revolutionary logic. Mr. Arnold, however, does not hesitate to give the names of great Christian divines as being, like himself, evolutionists in religion. Thus he shows that Dr. Newman maintains the development of doctrine, though arguing from the premise to a wrong conclusion. Butler also speaks of truths in the Scripture which may yet be discovered. But Dr. Newman is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and as for the passage which Mr. Arnold quotes from Butler, it is simply an argument from the analogy of nature to prove the impossibility of comprehending *per saltum* the whole mystery of Christianity. Butler never meant to say that the same fact could be true at one time and not at another, nor would the man who spoke of "a divine Person, the Messiah, carrying on a dispensation of Providence," have allowed the following theory of Mr. Arnold's to be an undiscovered "truth":—

The book contains all that we know of a wonderful spirit, far above the heads of his reporters, still farther above the head of our popular theology, which has added its own misunderstanding of the reporters to the reporters' misunderstanding of Jesus. And it was quite inevitable that *anything so superior and profound* should be imperfectly understood by those amongst whom it first appeared, and for a very long time afterwards: and that it should come at last to stand out clearer only by time,—Time, as the Greek maxim says, the wisest of all things, for he is the unfailing discoverer.

Translating the word "time," which the writer is of course too modest to do for himself, we therefore arrive at this

result, that the scheme of Christianity, as stated above in the quotation from Butler, and understood by the whole Christian world for nineteen centuries, has been one vast mistake, which has only been cleared up by the arrival of the year 1873 and the interposition of Mr. Arnold.

We do not exaggerate. Let Mr. Arnold himself state what his theory of development embraces:—

*This premature and false criticism* is all of one order, and it will all go. Not the Athanasian Creed's damnable clauses only, but the whole creed; not this creed only, but the three creeds: our whole received application of science, popular or learned, to the Bible. For it was an inadequate and a false science, and could not from the nature of the case be otherwise.

We naturally ask, with some curiosity, What remains? "The work of Jesus," Mr. Arnold says, "was to sift and renew the *idea* of righteousness, and to do this He brought a method and He brought a secret. His apostles, when they preached His gospel, preached *repentance* unto life and *peace* through Jesus Christ. Of these two great words, repentance, we shall find, attaches to the method, and the other, peace, to his secret." Does Mr. Arnold really think this stilted paraphrase of the gospel is the revelation of an "undiscovered truth"? By no means. "The holders of ecclesiastical dogma," he says, "have always, we must remember, held and professed the Bible dogma" (*i.e.* his own exposition of it) "too. Their ecclesiastical dogma may have led them to act falsely to it, but they have always held it. The method and secret of Jesus have always been prized." Why, then, is our modern philosopher so anxious to get rid of all Christian dogma outside his own special system? "The cause lies in the Bible being made to depend on a story, or set of asserted facts, which it is impossible to verify." The Christian religion, as Mr. Arnold says, and the arguments in defence of it, rest on the assumption of a Personal Ruler of the Universe, and this cannot be verified. Religion, we are told, must no longer be a matter of faith, based on revelation, the evidence for which is based merely on probability, but must be made a matter of science.

That there is an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness is verifiable, as we have seen by experience: and that Jesus is the offspring of this power is

verifiable by experience also. For God is the author of righteousness; now Jesus is the Son of God, because He gives the method and secret by which alone righteousness is possible. And that He does give this we can verify again by experience; it is so! Try! and you will find it to be so!

And this is religion in its scientific form which is to convert "the masses"! Had Mr. Arnold been a little more accustomed to close reasoning, and rather less assured of his own infallibility, he would have perceived that the whole of the above passage is made up of assumptions quite as arbitrary as any which he deprecates in the popular theology. Take two for instance. How can it be verified that there is "an enduring power, *not ourselves*, which makes for righteousness"? Clearly this question is one of *metaphysics*. The origin of the moral perception in man is assigned by some to intuition, by others to education, and by Mr. Darwin to a social instinct, arising out of evolution and inheritance. Whichever conclusion a man accepts, it is plain that he must satisfy himself with reasoning which amounts to no more than probability. How, again, can it be verified that righteousness is alone possible by the method of Jesus? Was there no righteousness in the world before the Christian era? St. Paul clearly implies the contrary when he says, "When the Gentiles which have not the law do *by nature* the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves."

With this extraordinary facility of verification, however, it may be supposed Mr. Arnold has little difficulty in dealing with any facts that conflict with his own conclusion. Yet for a philosopher who maintains that the whole fabric of historical Christianity is based on a delusion, there is surely much to be accomplished in clearing away those "miraculous" facts which, as Butler says, prove the divine sanction of the Christian dispensation. As, however, the position of Mr. Arnold is different from that of philosophers who deny the whole truth of Christianity, he deals little with the quality of the evidence for the Resurrection, the cardinal point of Christian theology, and confines himself almost entirely to an elaborate demonstration that his doctrine, his whole doctrine, and nothing but his doctrine, is the actual doctrine of the Apostles. The object of his essay "St. Paul and Protestantism" is, he says, "not religious edification, but the true

criticism of a great misunderstood author." And this is what St. Paul really meant by the resurrection from the dead:—

All impulses of selfishness conflict with Christ's feelings. He showed it by dying to them all; if you are one with Him by faith and sympathy, you can die to them also. Then, secondly, if you die with Him, you become transformed by the renewing of your mind, and rise with Him. The law of the spirit which is in Christ becomes the law of your life also, and frees you from the law of sin and death. You rise with Him to *that harmonious conformity with the real and the eternal*, that sense of pleasing God, which is life and peace till it becomes glory. If you suffer with Him, you shall also be glorified with Him.

There is something almost incredible in this *sang froid*. It is, of course, true that St. Paul speaks of Christ's death and resurrection in the metaphorical sense expounded by Mr. Arnold; but is it not obvious that the whole force of the metaphor is derived from a belief in the actual fact? Had St. Paul's belief been based on mere intellectual perception, what would be the meaning of the passionate cry, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Or what significance would there be in the experience of Christians of all persuasions, in the self-inflicted penance of St. Benedict, the spiritual conflicts of Luther, and Bunyan's ever-haunting remorse, if the above calm professorial statement were the real sum of the matter? But what follows is more amazing still. We are to believe that when St. Paul spoke to the facts of Christ's resurrection, and based on them the sublime argument which for countless generations has brought hope and consolation to the grave-side, he did not know the meaning of his own words.

Very likely it would have been impossible for him to imagine his own theology without it (*viz.*, a belief in the actual Resurrection), but

Below the surface stream, shallow and light,  
Of what we say we feel, below the stream,  
As light, of what we think we feel, there flows,  
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,  
The central stream of what we feel indeed,

and in St. Paul's case this happens to coincide with the ideas of Mr. Arnold.

This is no place for theological argument. We have contented ourselves with a simple exposition of Mr. Arnold's philosophy, because we wish to show that, while surveying the popular faith with

superior disdain, he does not understand its meaning. "A perfection developing all sides of our humanity" is what everybody desires, but the real question is, how is this harmony to be attained when the very principles of our nature are in apparent conflict? To the discord between the desires and the will all philosophy, Heathen or Christian, bears testimony. The universal human experience is expressed in Plato's story of Leontius and his eyes,\* in Ovid's words, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," as well as in St. Paul's declaration, "When I would do good evil is present with me." What distinguishes Christianity from philosophy is its recognition of the truth that fact must be met with fact, that the radical imperfection of the human will can only be cured by the supervention of a perfect and divine power. The belief in this external power, exemplified either in St. Paul's conversion or the conversion of Sampson Staniforth, the Methodist soldier, by which Mr. Arnold vainly endeavours to depreciate St. Paul's, is the motive of Christian practice. But Mr. Arnold's notable scheme of culture is to cure selfishness by means of self, to oppose bare idea to hard fact, to enforce a law of which he would abolish the sanction. It is possible that, when he goes to "the masses," and, after denying the resurrection of the Dead, proves to them how necessary it is for every one who would become a cultivated person "to rise to a harmonious conformity with the real and the eternal," his hearers may not discover that he is discoursing platitudes. But in that case we shall next expect to hear of him lecturing to vast and eager audiences in the United States on the "undiscovered truths," that honey placed on the tongue produces a sensation of sweetness, or that wood when brought into contact with fire is accustomed to be consumed.

We come now to the politics of culture, and, after a general survey of the region, we find ourselves rather in the difficulty of St. Patrick, who having to write on snakes in Ireland, could only say, "In Ireland there are no snakes." It is not that Mr. Arnold has nothing edifying to tell us on the subject. Far from it. Nature made him a critic, and did not indispose him to be a "candid friend." "I am a Liberal," he says, "but a Liberal tempered by experience and reflection," and his attitude towards popular Liberal-

ism is all that we, who do not profess that creed, can desire. He sees plainly that the Irish Church was not disestablished in the interest of Eternal Justice, but to satisfy the political importance of a coalition of Roman Catholics and Nonconformists. He would probably admit that the Irish Land Bill sprang out of considerations not wholly dissimilar. He has no more faith in ballot-boxes, reform bills, cotton, railways, and other machinery, as means to perfection, than Mr. Carlyle. And he has also—a failing not prevalent in his party—a propensity to humour, and a genius for embodying the weak points of his friends in lively caricatures and suggestive phrases, which to the Tory mind are full of salt and savour.

Culture, however, we must remember, pretends to be something more than critical; it is to help us out of our present difficulties. One of our present difficulties, as Mr. Arnold justly says, is that we have no sound centre of authority. We have no idea, like some of the Continental nations, of a State as a centralizing and directing power, and consequently our constitutional system of checks, whenever an emergency arises, is apt to leave us at the mercy of any powerful will, like Mr. Beales or Mr. Bradlaugh, who, having the courage of their opinions, can seize on the situation. All very true. Still, we cannot help feeling that this light-hearted criticism comes rather strangely from one of a party whose whole policy has been to remove power from the aristocracy, which, however imperfect, was certainly a centre, and to vest it exclusively in the middle class, which, outside the Constitution, has neither unity nor cohesion. Mr. Arnold, however, is a philosopher, and, like all his kind, can stick to his colours and separate his principles from their consequences. "The salvation" (and he uses the word with quasi-religious unction) "of the country is to be looked for from the middle," or, as he calls it, "the Philistine" class. Only this class must first get rid of its Philistinism, and adopt the means of "salvation" which culture points out to it. And what are these? To found the idea of a State on our best self.

By our best self we are united, impersonal, at harmony. We are in no peril from giving authority to this, because it is the truest friend we all of us have, and, when anarchy is a danger to us, it is to this authority we may turn with sure trust.

\* Plato, Republic, Book iv.



Why here is our old friend *Petitio Principii*, this time in the very thinnest disguise, and walking confidently abroad with an ingenuous good faith that is positively refreshing. For is it not obvious that, if all men obeyed their better selves, there would be no need of government at all, and that the real question is (the heart being "deceitful above all things") "What is our better self?" and "How are we to obey it?" We confess a curiosity to learn the exact nature of that harmonious state, which would be compounded of the "better selves" of such distinguished Liberals as Mr. Arnold, Mr. Miall, Sir Charles Diike, and Professor Fawcett.

Mr. Arnold will not satisfy us. On the contrary, whenever he seems on the point of making a practical suggestion, he shrinks from applying it. For instance, after an eloquent description of the advantages enjoyed by those schools in Prussia which are under the patronage of the Crown, he shows, by way of contrast, the position of the Crown in England:—

In England the action of the national guides or governors is for a Royal Prince or a great Minister to go down to the opening of the Licensed Victuallers' or the Commercial Travellers' school, to take the chair, to extol the energy and self-reliance of the Licensed Victuallers or the Commercial Travellers, to be all of their way of thinking, to predict full success to their school, and never so much as hint to them that they are doing a very foolish thing, and that the right way to go to work with their children's education is quite different.

This is humorous and true, — but what then? Surely, if the argument is sound, it is an argument for placing the royal centre of authority, whose action Liberals from time immemorial have been seeking to restrict, in a more independent position. Unfortunately though Mr. Arnold is "a Liberal tempered by experience and reflection," he is above all a Liberal.

I do not say [is his conclusion] that the political system of foreign countries has not inconveniences which may outweigh the inconveniences of our own political system; nor am I in the least proposing to get rid of our own political system and to adopt theirs. But a sound centre of authority being what in this disquisition we have been led to seek, and right reason or our best self appearing alone to offer such a sound centre of authority, it is necessary to take note of the chief impediments which hinder in this country the exaltation or recognition of this right reason as a paramount authority, with a view to after-

wards trying in what way they may be removed.

It is, in fact, much easier to criticise imperfection than to define perfection. Mr. Arnold is a born critic, but not a constructive statesman, and his help towards relieving us of our present difficulties is purely negative. When asked for positive action he politely declines to commit himself, and with many fine phrases about "our better self," "right reason," and "making the will of God prevail," gracefully bows himself off the political stage.

Because machinery is the bane of politics, and an *inward working* and not machinery is what we want, we keep advising our ardent young Liberal friends to think less of machinery, to stand more aloof from the arena of politics at present, and rather to try and promote with us *inward working*.

This naturally leads us to the consideration of a question far wider and more important than Mr. Arnold's particular views — namely, the general relation between letters, for this, after all, is what culture really means, and modern society. Here we have the deliberate advice of the most polished English writer of the day, that those of his countrymen whose tastes agree with his own should, for a time at all events, secede from politics, which, in England, is the same as saying from public life. We should like to know Mr. Arnold's authority in reason or experience for such strange counsel. Socrates, we believe, said that no wise man would meddle with politics; but Socrates was not an absolute stranger to paradox, nor are we aware that he ever explained how the world was to proceed without government. On the other hand, free society has ever been, and we believe must ever be, political, and the public spirit of a free State will always, directly or indirectly, find expression in its literature. It was so in Athens. The public instruction in the poems of Homer, the representation of the traditional mythology in the public tragedy, and the criticism of current politics on the comic stage, indicate how the noblest forms of art identified themselves with the habits and institutions of the Athenian people. It was so in Rome. Cicero, the representative of Rome's republican statesmanship, is still regarded as the representative of Latin culture. In the "Georgics" is embodied the spirit of the ancient agriculture of Rome, as the "Æneid" is the monument of her impe-



rial grandeur. And it is striking evidence of the power possessed by tradition, history, and poetry to keep alive national feeling, that the surest way Juvenal could find for revealing their vices to his degraded countrymen was to compare them with the simple virtues of their fathers.

But if we wish to see what happens where this is not so, where literature fails to incorporate itself in the national life, we have an example in the history of France. The genius of French literature is essentially critical, not creative. With the energies of society crushed by despotism, there was little scope in France for the expansion of poetry, the art above all others in which a free people loves to embody its conceptions of liberty and greatness. The graver works of the French imagination have an air of mannerism and unreality. They strike us as luxuries, purveyed by the most ingenious minds (generally arising from the middle class, so sedulously excluded from all share in affairs) for the enjoyment of a select society, too haughty to provide its own pleasures by the performance of a supposed menial function. In comedy, on the other hand, the French are unsurpassed. But social comedy thrives upon corruption. In criticism they are unequalled. "The French," says Dryden, "are as much better critics than the English as they are worse poets," and certainly the characteristic writers of France are Montaigne and Montesquieu, not Corneille or Racine. But criticism without poetry enervates instead of strengthening society. In the final catastrophe of French history we see the fatal results of continued analysis, the perpetual wear and tear of reflection unrelieved by the opportunity of free action. Art and culture, which devote themselves exclusively to search for the causes of life, and not rather to represent examples of noble living, are certain in the end to blind men's eyes to the objects they propose to reveal.

How different have been the fortunes of literature in England! Though much behind the French in polish and critical perception, England has produced a literature more vigorous and original than her neighbour. At the same time that the elements of civil society began to form themselves under Elizabeth, art and learning struck deep root in the country. The governing classes in England have never regarded the practice of letters as a degrading pursuit; on the contrary, they have seen in literature a great con-

servative power. The names of Sackville, Sidney, and Raleigh are amongst the earliest refiners of our language; the name of Bacon stands pre-eminent in our philosophy; a large proportion of the names in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" belong to the ranks of the nobility and gentry, and, though representing mere mediocrity, serve to show the national inclination to poetry. Yet the prejudices of rank and position have not in England disturbed the true balance in the kingdom of letters. Dryden, as monarch of the coffee-house, numbered peers among his subjects; and we venture to say that in no modern society but that of England could a man with so many social defects as Johnson have exercised the prerogative that was freely yielded to his noble genius. This freedom and equality has produced its result in the strength, the variety, and the amplitude of our literature; but, above all, in the influence it has possessed over the national affections and the character of our greatest countrymen. Marlborough avowed that he knew no history but what he learnt from Shakespeare. And what a depth of meaning lies in the pathetic anecdote of Wolfe, who, as he was being rowed towards the Heights of Abraham, repeated Gray's "Elegy" to his companions, exclaiming at the conclusion that he would rather have been the author of the poem than be the victor in the approaching battle!

To explain, therefore, Mr. Arnold's advice, previously quoted, in the face of this public character of our literature, we must remember that we, also, have had our Revolution, which, while proceeding by due course of law, presents in a modified form precisely the same features as the Revolution in France. Liberalism, or the great upward movement of the middle against the aristocratic class, has always contained two elements, the literary and the political, though the relative importance of these is exactly the reverse of what is seen in the French Revolution. Both fractions of the Liberal party have availed themselves of the magic watchwords, progress and perfection, though, as usual, the words with each have had a different meaning. Perfection, as defined by the political Liberals, is of a very definite and tangible character; being simply to enjoy the most unrestrained personal liberty, and the most unlimited opportunities of creating wealth, possible under the national constitution. The aims of the literary Liberals, on the other hand,

are cosmopolitan and comprehensive, aspiring, as in France, to reconstruct the entire social and moral life of the country on a basis imagined by philosophy. Between such uncongenial allies harmony, of course, could not long be preserved; a sense of disappointment has always been observable in the literary party; and they have at last come to a complete rupture with their political friends, much after the fashion of the Girondists and Jacobins, only that, while in France the quarrel was raised to the heights of tragedy, in England it wears, superficially at all events, the aspect of a broad farce.

The disappointed feelings of the English Girondists are expressed without reserve. "I am now convinced," says Mr. Mill, in his "Autobiography," "that no great improvement is possible for mankind without a fundamental change in their constitutional habits of thought." Mr. Carlyle, as we know, though in his rhapsodies he extols an ideal industrialism, has never ceased to inveigh against the trading classes as they are. But even his invective is nothing compared to the calm, equable, superior disdain which Mr. Arnold expresses for his quondam friends and their principles.

Culture says: "Consider these people, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively, observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which proceed from their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?"

On the other side the Liberal society, surveyed in this contemptuously Olympian fashion, is not slow to retort upon "people"—to quote the words of Mr. Bright—"who talk about culture, by which they mean a smattering of the dead languages of Greek and Latin." "Perhaps," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, a representative Jacobin, "the very silliest cant of the day is the cant about Culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and sits well on a professor of *belles-lettres*; but, as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action. The man of culture in politics is one of the poorest creatures alive," &c. Better matched combatants it would be impossible to find, or a quarrel more entertaining to

watch, were it not for a consideration of the more serious issues it involves.

Taste, it is plain, does not enjoy the same appreciation in England to-day as under the rule of the aristocracy. Art and letters, instead of forming part of the daily life of a leisured and refined society, are regarded rather as stimulants for the imagination, which, steadily suppressed during the hours of business, is liberated for brief intervals of feverish excitement. We find, therefore, a constant tendency to depreciate the standard of taste, for, besides the want of leisure required for the mastery of classical models, there is a natural inclination of liberty to rebel against the limitations these models impose, while the feelings of thorough believers in the Manchester school of material progress are humiliated by the thought that they have anything to learn from people who lived before the Christian era. Rich men, they feel, have their intellectual desires, as well as their bodily wants, and in each case money should command the required luxury. We are, indeed, in the midst of a period, the approach of which Goldsmith long ago saw and deplored, when money, rather than honour, becomes the prime motive of literary production. The logical consequences of the law of demand and supply in literature have lately been pressed by the "Times" in an article of extraordinary plainness:—

If one novel in ten, or one poem in a thousand, be worth reading at all, it is as much as we can reasonably expect to find. It is certain, however, that the rest supply a want which is really felt, and give undoubted pleasure to a large class of readers. If the object of literature is to give pleasure, and to divert the mind from the unpleasant realities of life, it is impossible to refuse some praise to the performance which does this, for however brief a period.

If the object of literature be what is defined by that great journal, a single copy of which Mr. Cobden valued above the whole history of Thucydides, no doubt this reasoning is just, but in that case we cannot rightly refuse our praise to the art of the procurer or the trade of the opium-monger.

Every generous feeling revolts against this vulgar and cynical despotism. But are we to conclude because national taste is decaying, that self-culture alone is to be pursued, without consideration of the instincts, the traditions, the char-

acter of the society to which we belong? Such seems to be Mr. Arnold's advice, and it is certainly widely followed. "Free literature" is as popular a cry in many quarters as a "free Church" or a "free breakfast-table." Culture is regarded as the badge of distinction between the refined few and the rude many; Lessing and Herder are taken as the models for English criticism, rather than Johnson or Macaulay. Now to see what kind of perfection is likely to result from this "inward working," we must observe the effect produced upon our higher literature by its repudiation of all intercourse with existing society.

In the first place the secession develops literary sacerdotalism, a priestliness marked by all the assumption of ecclesiastics without any of their prescriptive right. Mr. Carlyle, who regards the Christian religion in its revealed sense as obsolete, writes in the following extravagant strain respecting literary influence:—

"But there is no religion," reiterates the Professor. "Fool! I tell thee there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-stream we name Literature? Fragments of a genuine Church Homiletic lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay, fractions even of a Liturgy could I point out now."

This, no doubt, represents the tendency of artists, men of science, poets, and professors of polite letters generally, to form themselves into a priesthood for propagating a religion of ideas. But what grounds are there for supposing that such a religion would ever command a popular assent? We have never heard that Euripides and the sophists were able in any way to replace that belief in the gods and in old-fashioned morality which they found it so stimulating to question. Has the philosophy of Rousseau or Voltaire laid one stone towards reconstructing the ruined society of France? And if we consult the oracles of our own culture what do we find? There is not one of Mr. Carlyle's leading ideas, "self-annihilation," "temptation in the wilderness" (after the manner of "Teufelsdröck"), or "conversion," which, when divested of its grotesque disguises is not found to be a parody of some plain and simple precept in the New Testament. As for Mr. Arnold's revised version of Christianity we have already examined its claims. May we not, therefore, argue with something like certainty

that, however dissimilar in other respects the parallel may be, the moral and would-be religious schemes of our modern philosophers will have no wider influence than the doctrines of the mythological rationalists at Athens?

In the second place, the sacerdotal character of modern culture prevents all application of the very principle, "Know thyself!" on which its professors base their theology. For when did an irresponsible priesthood, nay, when did unrestrained human power of any kind, ever enjoy self knowledge? Mr. Carlyle has truly spoken of "the folly of that impossible precept, 'Know thyself,' till it be translated into the possibly partial one, 'Know what thou canst work at.'" Doubt of any sort, Goethe's disciples have always been telling us, can only be removed by action; yet, as we have seen, they have one and all hopelessly failed to show what action is possible for them apart from the society by which they are surrounded. Can anything be more impotent than the course Mr. Arnold, in one of his poems, seems to assign to himself:—

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born?

In what does such a course naturally end? In universal criticism. To view an ideal perfection from the heights of an intellectual Pisgah, and, in a world where all intelligences are felt to be inferior to his own, to settle every debatable matter by reference to his "better self," such is the only action possible to the most distinguished professor of modern culture. And one thing is evident,—this conscious superiority has not opened to him the door of self-knowledge. Had he really known himself, could the apostle of the true "Bible dogma," of "epieikeia, or the mild reasonableness of Christ," have spoken of the doctrine of the Trinity as "a fairy tale of the three Lord Shaftesburys"? Would he not, on the contrary, have perceived that to jest on a matter which, to nine-tenths of his countrymen, is a matter of religious belief places him for a time on a level with one whom he does not particularly admire, namely, Mr. Bradlaugh? Again, if the polite professor of Hellenism knew himself, would he, who must remember so well the exquisitely urbane humour of Theophrastus in his "Characters"—portraits evidently drawn from the closest observation, yet without one personal touch—have thought that he was indul-

ging his Greek taste in his highly-spiced personal descriptions of Lord Elcho, the Rev. W. Cattle, and Sir Thomas Bateson? Self-knowledge would have told him it was impossible for true taste to have written such a sentence as this: "From such an ignoble spectacle as that of poor Mrs. Lincoln—a spectacle to vulgarize a whole nation—aristocracies undoubtedly preserve us." For if this were really a specimen of "that true grace and serenity of which Greece and Greek art suggest the admirable ideals of perfection," should we not all turn in preference to those barbarous notions of courtesy and consideration for others which are inculcated by the traditions of modern society? Self-knowledge would have suggested to him that there was something slightly comical in his attempt, Protestant of Protestants and Dissenter of Dissenters as he is, to entice back the Nonconformists into the bosom of the National Church. Finally, if he, indeed, knew himself, Mr. Arnold, it may be, would have more severely questioned the propriety of his Attic irony; for he would then see that the whole point of the Socratic irony, of the philosopher's pretended inferiority to his opponents, lay in the subsequent *demonstration* of his logical superiority to them. Whereas, in Mr. Arnold's ironical descriptions of the "Barbarians" and "Philistines," we find no positive standard of measurement, but mere reference to certain arbitrary ideals, "right reason," "the will of God," "sweetness and light," all of which phrases are only ingenious methods of contrasting the imperfection of the thing criticised with the perfection of the critic. But if the critic's whole position rests on an unproved assumption, criticisms of this sort at once fall to the ground, and leave nothing behind them but surprise at their author's assurance. Indeed, if we wished for an unimpeachable proof for the necessity of some "centre of authority," such as society in England once afforded, to restrain the unwarrantable pretensions of men of letters, we know not where we should so readily find it, than—spite of all his infinite grace, penetration, and accomplishment—in the works of Mr. Arnold.

But, lastly, the kind of criticism which springs from constant introspection and monastic study, lands its professors in conclusions of the purest sophistry and a repudiation of the authority of common sense. The following passage from "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship"

appears to be a vindication of the extremest claims of individual liberty based on unqualified scepticism:—

Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect: none deserves the name of architect except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine with the greatest economy, durability, and fitness, some form, *the pattern of which originated in his spirit*. All things without us, nay, I may add, all things on us, are mere elements; but deep within us lies that creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be; and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till, in one way or another, without us or on us, that same may have been produced.

It is strange how exactly the doctrine of the great modern sophist coincides with that of the Greek sceptic Protagoras. The above compendious manifesto of literary Liberalism is a mere repetition of the well-known paradox that the individual mind is the measure and, in a sense, the maker of all things,—a conclusion which destroys all distinction between what is true and false, while it bases knowledge on pure sensation. In this principle lies the great cardinal difference between the old and catholic, and the modern and individual, forms of literature, and in every kind of contemporary writing, religious, philosophical, poetical, critical, we see the principle applied. It is of course the justification of the critical school of poetry, originated in England by Wordsworth, which places the value and true nature of external objects in the states of feeling that these produce in the individual. It is the first principle, also, of the French school of romance, and of quasi-dramatic writers, like Mr. Browning, who construct their characters out of an analysis of abstract motive. But it was not the creative method of Homer, Shakespeare, or Sir Walter Scott, who, deriving their impressions from experience and observation of the external world, reproduced these in their natural forms, though heightened and characterized by poetic imagination and individual genius.

What we are now, however, chiefly concerned with is to observe the influence of Goethe's principle as applied to the sphere of culture or criticism. And it is curious to note how closely, and perhaps unconsciously, the modern sophists tread in the steps of Protagoras, and how, by denying all positive distinctions between what is true and false, by maintaining that what appears true to any man is true to *him*, they press to their

logical conclusion that criticism should be a matter of feeling not of judgment. The quality that is most in favour with our modern critics is "tact." "Perhaps," says Mr. Arnold, "the quality specially needed for drawing the right conclusion from the facts, when one has got them, is best called *perception*, delicacy of perception." Now criticism, in the old and honest acceptance of the word, can only mean the act of judging from evidence, and the judgments formed, as well as the premises from which they are drawn, must be plain and palpable to common sense. We are as much bound to apply this method to problems of taste as to questions of science or of practical conduct, though as the subject-matter of the former is more obscure and debatable, no doubt the conclusion arrived at will always have a smaller degree of certainty. The critic who forms a judgment on a matter of taste and feeling is simply required to lay his premises before his audience in the clearest possible shape, leaving the jury to consider whether his conclusion is just. But "tact" is evidently considered by Mr. Arnold to be a peculiar gift, a spiritual insight, which enables its possessor to see farther through a stone wall than is permitted to the common reason. In point of fact, we find it to be a quality chiefly cultivated by French writers, and consisting in the ability to draw vast conclusions from almost invisible premises. This mode of judging has the advantage of being easy. Given a quick perception, a lively fancy, a wide knowledge of books, and a faculty for skipping over awkward negative facts, it is plain that a bold dogmatic affirmation is certain to impress the mind bewildered in the region of the uncertain or the unknown. It was by a remarkable exercise of "tact" that Dr. Kenealy constructed the character of Roger Tichborne out of his own imagination. Fortunately the "insight" of the learned counsel was unequal to contend with the weight of overwhelming evidence, marshalled against him with unrivalled clearness and precise arrangement. But when a critic, adopting the same principle, assures his readers in the most persuasive style that his "perception" convinces him St. Paul did not understand the meaning of his own theology, the assertion is attractive, because it is a paradox, and safe, because it is beyond the region of proof.

Now, how do the modern critics seek to strengthen the sophistry of their posi-

tion? In the first place, like their Greek prototypes, they have invented an art of rhetoric. If we once concede the position of Protagoras that all truth is relative to the individual, it follows, as a matter of course, that the prime object of education should be to cultivate individual perception. And this is just what Mr. Arnold wants. The great secret of life, in his eyes, is to give an air of philosophy to commonplace, "to let," he says, our "consciousness play freely round our present operations and the stock notions on which they are founded, so as to show what these are like, and how related to the intelligible law of things, and auxiliary to true human perfection." Of course this *modus operandi* results in a science of style. All Mr. Arnold's skill is expended on giving an apparently general character to his own personal perceptions by crystallizing them in precise forms of expression. Men naturally suppose that words represent things, and just as Gorgias caught the Athenians by his antithetical sentences and curious compounds, so are the cultivated world persuaded that Mr. Arnold's literary shibboleths, numerous as those of a religious sect, have a positive novel significance. Yet it is plainly a mere device of rhetoric when he ascribes the impression which he himself derives from the New Testament to the inspiration of the "*Zeit-Geist*," or "Time-Spirit;" and rhetoric again teaches him to conceal the purely esoteric nature of such criticisms, as that Byron was a "Philistine," and Pope "provincial," under the piquant dogmatism of his language.

This art of spiritualizing language has received a curious development. As culture has turned poetry into criticism so does it transform criticism into poetry. Aristotle blamed the sophists for making prose poetical, observing acutely that those who wrote in this manner sought to conceal the poverty of their thought by the showiness of their style.\* Poetical prose, however, introduced by Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle, has made rapid advances in England. The following extract from Mr. Pater's criticism on Leonardo da Vinci's picture "*La Gioconda*" is a good specimen of this epicene style:—

The presence that so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all the ends of

\* Aristotle, *Rhetoric*, iii. i. 9.



the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts, and fantastic reveries, and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty into which the soul, with all its maladies, has passed! All the thought and experience of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Age, with its spiritual ambition and its imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias.

Now all this is plain, downright, unmis-  
takable poetry. The picture is made  
the thesis which serves to display the  
writer's extensive reading and the finery  
of his style. Of reasoning in the ordi-  
nary sense there is positively none.  
"The eyelids are a little weary," there-  
fore it is quite plain that "all the ends of  
the earth are come upon her head." The  
beauty is different from the Greek type.  
What then can be more obvious than  
that this particular face expresses the  
whole experience of mankind between  
the age of Phidias and Leonardo? The  
lady appears to Mr. Pater to have a some-  
what sensual expression. A fact which  
fully warrants a critical rhetorician in  
concluding that she is an unconscious  
incarnation of all the vices which he has  
found preserved in the literature of the  
Renaissance. Judgments of this kind,  
we are told, are the result of "penetrat-  
ive sympathy" or "perceptive insight."  
It may be so; we cannot say that the  
qualities Mr. Pater discovers in this pic-  
ture are not to be found there. What we  
can say is that, as the reasoning in the  
above passage assumes a knowledge in  
the critic of motives which are beyond  
the reach of evidence, there is no justifi-  
cation for calling that criticism which is  
in fact pure romance. In some cases we  
may go farther, and show that the free-  
masonry acquired by perpetual reading,  
uncorrected by actual observation, is  
really of a kind to weaken that acute  
sagacity which is necessary for a judge.  
For instance, by an error precisely re-  
sembling Winckelmann's absurd over-  
estimate of Raphael Mengs, a critic of  
such natural good sense and sound judg-  
ment as Mr. Symonds, whose book we  
have classed with Mr. Pater's at the head  
of our article, has been induced to assert  
that an execrable American scribbler,

one Walt Whitman, is the true repre-  
sentative of Greek life in the nineteenth  
century. A hundred other instances  
might be quoted to prove how critics who  
reject the natural standards of common  
sense in favour of private perceptions  
derived from books are made the dupes  
of quackery and imposture. Everywhere  
we see examples to confirm the truth of  
Milton's reproach:—

The man who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior  
(And what he brings why need he elsewhere  
seek?),

Uncertain and unsettled still remains.

Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,  
As children gathering pebbles by the shore.

We have sought to show that the re-  
sults of "inward working" in literary  
culture are not satisfactory. It is not  
every man whose Dæmon is so trust-  
worthy as that of Socrates. If, then, the  
characteristics we have observed be in  
themselves unhealthy, is there not prob-  
ably something unsound in the source  
from which they spring? Liberalism, or  
religion based on self-worship, of which  
self-culture is the last and the logical  
development, has been the darling creed  
or Europe for a hundred years, yet it has  
ever failed to take firm root in society.  
Philosophic Liberalism, the state of  
nature, or the gospel according to Rous-  
seau, failed irretrievably at the French  
Revolution. Commercial Liberalism, the  
mercantile state of nature, or the gospel  
according to Cobden, is generally  
discredited, and in the eyes even of its  
professors is at least inadequate. Aca-  
demic Liberalism, the state of art, or the  
gospel according to Goethe, must also  
fail, for this, too, is founded on the false  
principle of self-worship. Proofs are  
not wanting that it has failed already.  
For whereas it proposes to replace what  
it considers the obsolete catholic stand-  
ards of antiquity, it introduces us to noth-  
ing but the Babel of sects. In education,  
in art, its effects are seen alike. Every agi-  
tator against the classics as an imperfect  
educational basis is certain that they  
could be well replaced by the particular  
study to which he has confined his  
own attention. With the innovators in  
poetry and criticism it is the same;  
"There is no law in the land; every man  
does that which is good in his own eyes."  
What, in a word, is the general tendency



of "culture" but to encourage a passion for private and impossible ideals? Some wish to "Hellenize" our public life, to recover, as they say, the Greek standard, an aspiration that appears to us to resemble Mrs. Blimber's, who declared that she could die happy if she could but see Cicero in his Tusculan villa. Others, again, desire to mediævalize our manners, and Mr. Ruskin is founding a republic on the principle of Atlantis and Utopia, to be governed by the laws of Florence in the fourteenth century. Probably most of our literary Liberals would re-echo the sense of the complaint made lately with an almost sublime egotism in "*Fors Clavigera*:"—

That it should be left to me to begin such a work with only one man in England, Thomas Carlyle, to whom I can look for steady guidance, is alike wonderful and sorrowful to me. I am left utterly stranded and alone in life and in thought.

A melancholy, but not an uncommon, experience. And who is to blame? Society, says Mr. Ruskin; but we venture to doubt.

Yet these wild visions are but irregular symptoms of the indisposition which the nation itself has lately shown to content itself with the principles of Manchester, without any scope for the exercise of its nobler powers of imagination and feeling. But if all novel schemes in pursuit of this higher end have proved futile, is it not possible that in the Christian revelation and our national history we have still a standard of noble living in our midst? We believe Butler to be absolutely right in his argument from probability:—

In questions of difficulty, or such as are thought so, where more satisfactory evidence cannot be had, if the result of examination be that there appears any the least presumption on one side, though in the lowest degree greater, this determines the question, even in matters of speculation, and in matters of practice will lay us under an absolute and formal obligation in point of prudence and of interest to *act* upon the presumption or low probability, though it be so low as to leave the mind in doubt which is the truth.

We have been content, throughout our argument, to meet philosophy on its own ground, and the real question is this. Has, or has not the system, which for nineteen centuries has satisfied minds the wisest and most unsophisticated, which has proved intelligible alike to the hearts of rich and poor, a greater presumption in

its favour than those systems which have never extended their influence beyond literary sects, and even among these are being perpetually rejected as inadequate? The constant aspiration of the human heart is towards what is higher than itself, as is shown by Mr. Carlyle's phrase "self-annihilation," and Mr. Arnold's phrase "our better self," yet no scheme of modern philosophy has suggested how we are to escape from "the shadow of ourselves." Christianity solves the enigma, and provides the means, as much more completely than "culture," as the belief in God is larger than the idea of our better self, as much more effectually than philosophy, as the Christian exposition of our duty to God and to our neighbour is more practical than the paradox of self-annihilation. And if it be true, as in a sense it is, that doubt of any kind can only be removed by action, where is there such scope for action as in Christian liberty? Were there, indeed, an inherent repugnance between those elements of our nature which Mr. Arnold calls the Hebraic and Hellenic, as certain fanatics have urged, this might be an argument against a religion which would tend to suppress the noblest human powers. But there is none. It cannot be said that the faith out of which modern civilization has sprung has dwarfed the energies of mankind. The scheme under which the intellect of Bacon and Newton could expand has nothing in itself hostile to science; the atmosphere which invigorated the imagination of Shakespeare has not been fatal to letters, nor has the religion which the genius of Raffaele could glorify been unproductive of art. Great action in the sphere of art and letters is encouraged, where men are content to take for granted the first principles on which human society depends. It becomes impossible only when they spend all their intellectual energies on analysis, in the idle endeavour to solve questions which are by nature incapable of proof.

To conclude, we desire a culture that shall be social, public, national, that shall be breathed from the common air, not elaborated out of the individual mind. There is a state of nature to be found in modern society, though not, as Rousseau taught, in a return to the simplicity of the savage or the shepherd. The praise of being "natural" we ascribe to those who, with unconscious grace, without consideration of effect, perform the duties and maintain the dignity proper

to their condition in society. The standards of honour, courtesy, politeness, refinement,—all that is comprised in that sense of what is due to others as well as to ourselves, which we call by the name of good breeding, and which is the result of complex traditions, and continuous development, these qualities are as far above the manufacture of art as they are beyond the reach of analysis. Formed as they have been out of instincts and characteristics which have made society in England stable and free, the laws which enforce these virtues should not be questioned but obeyed. We believe that no modern nation has merited better than England the noble eulogium passed by Pericles on the Athenians, when he told them they had learned how to reconcile a sense of public greatness with a toleration of individual taste. Happy will it be for ourselves if, with our passion for private liberty, we retain that public spirit without which liberty would soon cease to exist! In spite of the sectarianism which the miserable principles of the Manchester school have long served to propagate, we look on the recent judgment of the nation as a proof that the body of the people preserves a sense of true unity. We are persuaded that in our country still burns that ancient fire springing out of love of the soil and patriotic pride which animated the dying apostrophe of John of Gaunt to

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!

It is this reverence for our history which forms the public conscience, and is a pledge that we cannot be false without shame to the great actions of our fathers. To the kindling and strengthening of this conscience we desire to see all the nobler energies of our art and letters contribute. This to our minds is the groundwork of true culture. "Very small by the side of the Eternities!" says Mr. Carlyle. "Very un-Hellenic!" says Mr. Arnold. "Old-fashioned!" cries Liberal Progress, in the spirit of Aristophanes' Unjust Argument, "eighteenth century, smelling of stage-coaches, Magna Charta, and the Heptarchy." "True it is," we reply with the Just Argument, "that old-fashioned culture does not consist of constant self-analysis, perpetual depreciation of our fathers, everlasting glorification of ourselves; but at any rate it is the culture which

reared the men of Trafalgar and Waterloo!"\*

\* Α. ἀρχαῖά γε καὶ Διπολιώδη καὶ τεττίγυν ἀνά-  
μεστα  
καὶ Κηκείδον καὶ Βουφονίον  
Δ. ἀλλ' οὖν ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνα  
ἐξ ὧν ἄνδρας Μαραθωμίχας ἡμῇ παιδεύσεις  
ἐδρεψεν.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THREE FEATHERS.

#### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE CHAIN TIGHTENS.

ONCE, and once only, Wenna broke down. She had gone out into the night all by herself, with some vague notion that the cold, dank sea-air—sweet with the scent of the roses in the cottage gardens—would be gratefully cool as it came round her face. The day had been stormy, and the sea was high—she could hear the waves dashing in on the rocks at the mouth of the harbour—but the heavens were clear, and over the dark earth the great vault of stars throbbed and burned in silence. She was alone, for Mr. Roscorla had not returned from London, and Mabyn had not noticed her slipping out. And here, in the cool, sweet darkness, the waves seemed to call on her with a low and melancholy voice. A great longing and trouble came somehow into her heart, and drove her to wander onwards as if she should find rest in the mere loneliness of the night, until at length there was nothing around her but the dark land, and the sea, and the white stars.

She could not tell what wild and sad feeling this was that had taken possession of her; but she knew that she had suddenly fallen away from the calm content of the wife that was to be—with all the pleasant sensation of gratitude towards him who had honoured her, and the no less pleasant consciousness that her importance in the world, and her power of helping the people around her, were indefinitely increased. She had become again the plain Jim Crow of former days, longing to be able to do some indefinitely noble and unselfish thing—ready, indeed, to lay her life down so that she might earn some measure of kindly regard by the sacrifice. And once more she reflected that she had no great influence in the world, that she was of no account to anybody, that she was plain,

and small, and insignificant; and the great desire in her heart of being of distinct and beautiful service to the many people whom she loved seemed to break itself against these narrow bars, until the cry of the sea around her was a cry of pain, and the stars looked coldly down on her, and even God himself seemed far away and indifferent.

"If I could only tell some one—if I could only tell some one!" she was saying to herself wildly, as she walked rapidly onwards, not seeing very well where she was going, for her eyes were full of tears. "But if I tell Mabyn she will say that I fear this marriage, and go straight to Mr. Roscorla; and if I tell my mother she will think me ungrateful to him, and to every one around me. And how can I explain to them what I cannot explain to myself? And if I cannot explain it to myself, is it not mere folly to yield to such a feeling?"

The question was easily asked, and easily answered; and with much show of bravery she proceeded to ask herself other questions, less easily answered. She began to reproach herself with ingratitude, with vanity, with a thousand errors and evil qualities; she would teach herself humility; she would endeavour to be contented and satisfied in the position in which she found herself; she would reflect on the thousands of miserable people who had real reason to complain, and yet bore their sufferings with fortitude; and she would now—straightway and at once—return to her own room, get out the first letter Mr. Roscorla had written her, and convince herself once more that she ought to be happy.

The climax was a strange one. She had been persuading herself that there was no real cause for this sudden fit of doubt and wretchedness. She had been anticipating her sister's probable explanation, and dismissing it. And yet, as she turned and walked back along the narrow path leading down to the bridge, she comforted herself with the notion that Mr. Roscorla's letter would reassure her and banish these imaginary sorrows. She had frequently read over that letter, and she knew that its ingenious and lucid arguments were simply incontrovertible.

"Oh, Wenna!" Mabyn cried, "what has been troubling you? Do you know that your face is quite white? Have you been out all by yourself?"

Wenna, on getting home, had gone into the little snugery which was once a bar, and which was now George Rose-

warne's smoking-room. Mabyn and her father had been playing chess—the board and pieces were still on the table. Wenna sat down, apparently a little tired.

"Yes, I have been out for a walk," she said.

"Wenna, tell me what is the matter with you!" the younger sister said, imperatively.

"There is nothing the matter. Well, I suppose you will tease me until I tell you something. I have had a fit of despondency, Mabyn, and that's all—despondency over nothing; and now I am quite cured, and do you think Jennifer could get me a cup of tea? Well, why do you stare? Is there anything wonderful in it? I suppose every girl must get frightened a little bit when she thinks of all that may happen to her—especially when she is alone—and of course it is very ungrateful of her to have any such doubts, though they mean nothing, and she ought to be ashamed—"

She stopped suddenly. To her dismay she found that she was admitting to Mabyn the very reasons which she expected to have to combat. She saw what she had done in the expression of Mabyn's face—in the proud, indignant mouth and the half-concealed anger of the eyes. The younger sister was silent for a minute; and then she said, passionately—

"If there's any one to be ashamed of, it isn't you, Wenna. I know who it is. As for you, I don't know what has come over you of late—you are trying to be meeker and meeker, and more humble, and more grateful—and all for what? What have you to be grateful for? And you are losing all your fun and your good spirits; and you are getting to be just like the children in story-books that repeat texts and get gooder and gooder every day until they are only fit for heaven, and I am sure I am always glad when the little beasts die. Oh, Wenna, I would rather see you do the wickedest thing in all the world if it would only bring you back to your old self!"

"Why, you foolish girl, I am my old self," the elder sister said, quietly taking off her bonnet and laying it on the table. "Is Jennifer up-stairs? Who is in the parlour?"

"Oh, your sweetheart is in the parlour," said Mabyn, with badly-concealed contempt. "He is just arrived from London. I suppose he is telling mother about his rheumatism."

"He hasn't got any rheumatism — any more than you have," Wenna said, with some asperity."

"Oh yes, he has," the younger sister said, inventing a diabolical story for the mere purpose of getting Wenna into a rage. She would rather have her in a succession of tempers than the victim of this chastened meekness. "And gout too — I can see by the colour of his nails. Of course he hasn't told you, for you're such a simpleton, he takes advantage of you. And he is near-sighted, but he pretends he doesn't need spectacles. And I am told he has fearful debts hanging over his head in London, and that he only came here to hide; and if you marry him you'll see what will come to you."

Mabyn was not very successful in making her sister angry. Wenna only laughed in her gentle fashion, and put her light shawl beside her bonnet, and then went along the passage to the parlour in which Mr. Roscorla and her mother were talking.

The meeting of the lovers after their temporary separation was not an impassioned one. They shook hands; Wenna hoped he was not fatigued by the long journey; and then he resumed his task of describing to Mrs. Rosewarne the extraordinary appearance of Trelyon's sitting-room in Nolans's Hotel, after the young gentleman had filled it with birds and beasts. Presently, however, Wenna's mother made some pretence for getting out of the room; and Mr. Roscorla and his betrothed were left alone. He rarely got such an opportunity.

"Wenna, I have brought you the ring," said he; and with that he took a small case from his pocket, and opened it, and produced a very pretty gypsy ring studded with emeralds.

Now, on the journey down from London he had definitely resolved that he would put an end to that embarrassment or shamefacedness which had hitherto prevented his offering to kiss the girl whom he expected to marry. He was aware that there was something ridiculous in his not having done so. He reflected that scarcely any human being would believe that he could have been such a fool. And it occurred to him, in the train, that the occasion of his giving Wenna her engaged ring would be an excellent opportunity for breaking in upon this absurd delicacy.

He went across the room to her. She sat still, perhaps a little paler than usual

He took her hand, and put the ring on and then —

Then it suddenly occurred to him that there was something devilish in the notion of his purchasing the right to kiss her by giving her a trinket. Not that any such scruple would otherwise have affected him; but he was nervously sensitive as to what she might think; and doubtless she was familiar with the story of Margarethe and Faust's casket of jewels. So he suddenly said, with an air of carelessness —

"Well, do you like it? You can't quite tell the colour of the stones by lamplight, you know."

Wenna was not thinking of the colour of the stones. Her hand trembled; her heart beat quickly; when she did manage to answer him, it was merely to say in a confused fashion, that she thought the ring very beautiful indeed.

"You know," he said, with a laugh, "I don't think men like engaged rings quite as well as girls do. A girl generally seems to take such a fancy for an engaged ring that she won't change it for any other. I hope that won't be in your case, Wenna; and, indeed, I wanted to talk to you about it."

He brought a chair close to her, and sat down by her, and took her hand. Now, ordinarily Wenna's small, white, plump hands were so warm that her sister used to say that they tingled to the very tips of her fingers with kindness, and were always wanting to give away something. The hand which Mr. Roscorla held was as cold and as impassive as ice. He did not notice: he was engaged in preparing sentences.

"You know, Wenna," said he, "that I am not a rich man. When I might have taught myself to work I had just sufficient income to keep me idle; and now that this income is growing less, and when I have greater claims on it, I must try something. Well, my partners and myself have thought of a scheme which I think will turn out all right. They propose to wake up those estates in Jamaica, and see if they can't be made to produce something like what they used to produce. That wants money. They have it: I have not. It is true I have been offered the loan of a few thousand pounds; but even if I accept it — and I suppose I must — that would not put me on an equal footing with the other men who are going into the affair. This, however, I could do: I could go out there

and do all in my power to look after their interests and my own — see, in fact, that the money was being properly expended before it was too late. Now, I might be there a very long time."

"Yes," said Wenna, in a low voice, and rather inappropriately.

"Now, don't let me alarm you; but do you think — do you not think, in view of what might be rather a long separation, that we ought to get married before I go?"

She suddenly and inadvertently withdrew her hand.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she said, in a low and frightened voice. "Oh, do not ask me to do that."

She was trembling more than ever. He could not understand.

"But don't make any mistake, Wenna," he said; "I did not propose you should go with me. That would be asking too much. I don't wish to take you to the West Indies; because I might be there only for a few months. All I wish is to have the bond that unites us already made fast before I go, merely as a comfortable thing to think of, don't you see?"

"Oh, it is too hasty — I am afraid — why should we be in such a hurry?" the girl said, still with her heart beating so that she could scarcely speak.

"No," he argued, "you must not make another mistake. Before this scheme can be matured, months must elapse. I may not have to go out before the beginning of next year. Now, surely other six months would make a sufficiently long engagement."

"Oh, but the pledge is so terrible," she said, and scarcely knowing what she said.

Mr. Roscorla was at once astonished and vexed. That was certainly not the mood in which a girl ought to look forward to her marriage. He could not understand this dread on her part. He began to ask himself whether she would like to enjoy the self-importance that her engagement had bestowed on her — the attentions he paid her, the assistance he gave her in her charitable labours, and the sort of sovereignty over a man which a girl enjoys during the betrothal period — for an indefinite time, or perhaps with the hope that the sudden destruction of all these things by marriage might never arrive at all. Then he began to get a little angry, and got up from the chair, and walked once or twice up and down the room.

"Well," said he, "I don't understand

you, I confess. Except in this way, that our relations with each other have not been so openly affectionate as they might have been. That I admit. Perhaps it was my fault. I suppose, for example, you have been surprised that I never offered to kiss you?"

There was something almost of a threat in the last few words; and Wenna, with her cheeks suddenly burning red, anxiously hastened to say —

"Oh, not at all. It was my fault. I am sure if there was too great reserve it was my fault; but I do not think there has been. It is not that at all; but your wish seems so sudden, and so unnecessary."

"Don't you see," he said, interrupting her, "that if our relations at present are not sufficiently frank and confidential, nothing will mend that so easily as our marriage? And this that I ask of you ought to be as agreeable to you as to me — that is to say —"

He stopped, with a look of impatience on his face. There was some one coming along the passage. He knew who it was, too; for a young girl's voice was doing its best to imitate in a burlesque fashion a young man's voice, and Mr. Roscorla had already heard Harry Trelyon, as he rode or drove carelessly along, bawling to himself, "Oh, the men of merry, merry England!" He knew that his old enemy Mabyon was at hand.

That very clever imitation of Harry Trelyon was all the warning that the young lady in question condescended to give of her approach. She opened the door without ceremony, marched into the middle of the room, and proudly placed a bird-cage on the table.

"There," said she, "can either of you tell me what that bird is?"

"Of course I can," said Wenna, rising with a sensation of great relief.

"No you can't," her sister said dogmatically. "It is sent to you with Mr. Harry Trelyon's compliments; and it is something very wonderful indeed. What is it, ladies and gentlemen? Don't answer all at once!"

"Why, it is only —"

"A piping bullfinch — that's what it is," said Mabyon, triumphantly.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

#### AN UNEXPECTED CONVERT.

NEXT morning was Sunday morning; and Wenna, having many things to think over by herself, started off alone to



church, some little time before the others, and chose a circuitous route to the small building which stood on the high uplands over the sea. It was a beautiful morning, still and peaceful, with the warmth of the sunlight cooled by a refreshing western breeze; and as she went along and up the valley, her heart gradually forgot its cares, for she was listening to the birds singing, and picking up an occasional wild-flower, or watching the slow white clouds cross the blue sky. And as she walked quietly along in this way, finding her life the sweeter for the sweet air and the abundant colour and brightness of all the things around her, it chanced that she saw Harry Trelyon coming across one of the meadows, evidently with the intention of bidding her good-morning, and she thought she would stop and thank him for having sent her the bullfinch. This she did very prettily when he came up; and he, with something of a blush on his handsome face, said—

"I thought you wouldn't be offended. One can use more freedom with you now that you are as good as married, you know."

She quickly got away from that subject by asking him whether he was coming to church; and to that question he replied by rather a scornful laugh, and by asking what the parsons would say if he took a gun into the family pew. In fact, he had brought out an air-cane to test its carrying powers; and he now bore it over his shoulder.

"I think you might have left the gun at home on a Sunday morning," Miss Wenna said, in rather a precise fashion. "And, do you know, Mr. Trelyon, I can't understand why you should speak in that way about clergymen, when you say yourself that you always avoid them, and don't know anything about them. It reminds me of a stable-boy we once had who used to amuse the other lads by being impertinent to every stranger who might pass, simply because the stranger was a stranger."

This was a deadly thrust; and the tall young gentleman flushed, and was obviously a trifle angry. Did she mean to convey that he had acquired his manners from stable-boys?

"Parsons and churches are too good for the likes o' me," he said, contemptuously. "'Morning, Miss Rosewarne," and with that he walked off.

But about three minutes thereafter, when she was peacefully continuing her

way, he overtook her again, and said to her, in rather a shamefaced fashion—

"I hope you didn't think I meant to be rude to you, Miss Wenna. I'll go to church with you if you like. I've stuck my air-cane in a safe place."

Wenna's face brightened.

"I shall be very glad," she said, with a smile far more frank and friendly than any she had ever yet bestowed on him. "And I am sure if you came often to hear Mr. Trewhella, or if you knew him, you would think differently about clergymen."

"Oh, well," Trelyon said, "he's a good sort of old chap, I think. I find no fault with him. But look at such a fellow as that Barnes—why, that fellow's son was with me at Rugby, and wasn't he a pretty chip of the old block—a mean, lying little beggar, who would do anything to get a half-crown out of you."

"Oh, were you at Rugby?" Wenna asked, innocently.

"I don't wonder at your asking," her companion said, with a grin. "You think it doesn't look as if I had ever been to any school? Oh yes, I was at Rugby; and my career there, if brief, was not inglorious. I think the records of all the eight houses might be searched in vain to find such another ruffian as I was, or any one who managed to get into the same number of scrapes in the same time. The end was dramatic. They wouldn't let me go to a ball in the town-hall. I had vowed I should be there; and I got out of the house at night, and went. And I hadn't been in the place ten minutes when I saw the very master who had refused me fix his glittering eye on me; so as I knew it was all over, I merely went up to him and asked to have the pleasure of being introduced to his daughter. I thought he'd have had a fit. But that little brute Barnes I was telling you about, he was our champion buneater. At that time, you know, they used to give you as many buns as ever you liked on Shrove-Tuesday; and the houses used to eat against each other, and this fellow Barnes was our champion; and, oh Lord! the number he stowed away that morning. When we went to chapel afterwards, he was as green as a leek."

"But do you dislike clergymen because Master Barnes ate too many buns?" Wenna asked, with a gentle smile, which rather aggrieved her companion.

"Do you know," said he, "I think you are awfully hard on me. You are always



trying to catch me up. Here am I walking to church with you, like an angel of submission, and all the thanks I get — why, there goes my mother!"

Just in front of them, and a short distance from the church, the road they were following joined the main highway leading up from Eglosilyan, and along the latter Mrs. Trelyon's brougham was driving past. That lady was very much astonished to find her son walking with Miss Wenna Rosewarne on a Sunday morning; and still more surprised when, after she was in church, she beheld Master Harry walk coolly in and march up to the family pew. Here, indeed, was a revolution. Which of all the people assembled — among whom were Miss Mabyn and her mother, and Mr. Roscorla — had ever seen the like of this before? And it was all the greater wonder that the young gentleman in the rough shooting-coat found two clergymen in the pew, and nevertheless entered it, and quietly accepted from one of them a couple of books.

Mrs. Trelyon's gentle and emotional heart warmed towards the girl who had done this thing.

That forenoon, just before luncheon, Mrs. Trelyon found her son in the library, and said to him, with an unusual kindness of manner —

"That was Miss Rosewarne, Harry, wasn't it, whom I saw this morning?"

"Yes," he said sulkily. He half expected that one or other of his friends, the parsons, had been saying something about her to his mother.

"She is a very quiet, nice-looking girl; I am sure Mr. Roscorla has acted wisely, after all. And I have been thinking, Harry, that since she is a friend of yours, we might do something like what you proposed, only not in a way to make people talk."

"Oh," said he bluntly, "I have done it already. I have promised to lend Roscorla 5,000*l.* to help him to work his Jamaica estates. If you don't like to sanction the affair, I can get the money from the Jews. I have written to Colonel Ransome to tell him so."

"Now why should you treat me so, Harry?" his mother said, in an injured way.

"I took you at your word — that's all. I suppose now you are better disposed to the girl merely because she got me to go to church this morning. If there were more people like her about churches,

in the pulpits and out of them, I'd go oftener."

"I was not quite sure who she was," Mrs. Trelyon said, with a feeble air of apology. "I like her appearance very much; and I wish she or anybody else would induce you to go to church. Well now, Harry, I will myself lend you the 5,000*l.* till you come of age. Surely that will be much better; and, if you like, I will make Miss Rosewarne's acquaintance. You might ask her to dinner the first time Mr. Roscorla is coming; and he could bring her."

Master Harry was at last pacified.

"Make it Thursday," said he, "and you must write to her. I will take down the letter and persuade her: but if she comes she sha'n't come under the wing of Mr. Roscorla, as if he were the means of introducing her. I shall go down for her with the brougham, and fetch her myself."

"But what will Mr. Roscorla say to that?" his mother asked with a smile.

"Mr. Roscorla may say whatever he particularly pleases," responded Master Harry.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"SIE BAT SO SANFT, SO LIEBLICH."

"To dine at Trelyon Hall?" said George Rosewarne to his eldest daughter, when she in a manner asked his consent. "Why not? But you must get a new dress, lass; we can't have you go among grand folks as Jim Crow."

"But there is a story about the crow that went out with peacock's feathers," his daughter said to him. "And besides, how could I get a new dress by Thursday?"

"How could you get a new dress by Thursday?" her father repeated mechanically, for he was watching one of his pet pigeons on the roof of the mill. "How can I tell you? Go and ask your mother. Don't bother me."

It is quite certain that Wenna would not have availed herself of this gracious permission, for her mother was not very well, and she did not wish to increase that tender anxiety which Mrs. Rosewarne already showed about her daughter's going among these strangers; but that this conversation had been overheard by Mabyn, and that young lady, as was her habit, plunged headlong into the matter.

"You can have the dress quite well,

Wenna," she said, coming out to the door of the inn, and calling on her mother to come too. "Now, look here, mother, I give you warning that I never, never, never will speak another word to Wenna if she doesn't take the silk that is lying by for me and have it made up directly: never a single word, if I live in Eglosilyan for a hundred and twenty-five years!"

"Mabyn, I don't want a new dress," Wenna expostulated. "I don't need one. Why should you rush at little things as if you were a squadron of cavalry!"

"I don't care whether you want it or whether you don't want it; but you've got to have it, hasn't she, mother? Or else, it's what I tell you: not a word—not a word if you were to go down before me on your bended knees." This was said with much dramatic effect.

"I think you had better let Mabyn have her own way, Wenna," the mother said, gently.

"I let her!" Wenna answered, pretending not to notice Mabyn's look of defiance and triumph. "She always has her own way; tomboys always have."

"Don't call names, Wenna," her sister said severely; "especially as I have just given you a dress. You'll have to get Miss Keane down directly, or else I'll go and cut it myself, and then you'll have Harry Trelyon laughing at you, for he always laughs at people who don't know how to keep him in his proper place."

"Meaning yourself, Mabyn," the mother said; but Mabyn was not to be crushed by any sarcasm.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### AN UNNAMED HABIT OF LANGUAGE.

THE habit now to be spoken of is one that I venture to call "unnamed," because, though it has been noticed often—as indeed it could not altogether escape observation; and being often noticed, has naturally been designated by a name sometimes—yet has it never acquired a name so well recognized that the mention of it would suffice to give the reader some general idea of the subject of this paper. The names that have been given, have either been applicable to a part of the facts only, or else they have been of wider incidence than is convenient for our present purpose. One part of the subject has been sometimes spoken of as "tautology," special parts

have been called the "double negative" and the "double genitive," while German philologists have used the term *häufung*, that is "cumulation," in a manner to embrace some of the facts now intended along with others which are quite foreign to the present purpose. It has been chiefly in connection with names of places that the term "tautology" has been used. Where a succession of different races have dwelt upon the same soil, and have left on the map of the country the relics of their several languages, these have occasionally been found piled one upon another after the manner of a stratification. The map of England is sprinkled over with names in which the same idea is expressed in two or more different forms of speech. In Gloucestershire the Cotswold Hills are so called from the British word *coed*, a wood, and the Saxon *wold*, or *wæld*, which means the same thing. In Somersetshire one of the most prominent points of the Mendip is called Crook's Peak, where the modern word *peak* is identical in sense with the famous old British word *crug*, a term so intimately associated with the selection of elevated spots for public transactions, that, according to Owen Pughe, *crug* became a synonym for *gorsedd*, "assembly." Near Shepton Mallet we find Dean Bottom and Downhead, names which remind us that in Saxon times "den" and "dun" were as familiarly coupled as in modern English are "hill" and "dale." In Devonshire, near Exeter, Pinho is composed of British *pen*, and Saxon *how*, both meaning a "height," German "*höhe*."

A very remarkable instance of this sort of tautology is given in *Garnett's Essays*:—"At the head of the Yarrow is a mountain called of old by the Celtic name 'Ben Yair.' To this the Romans prefixed their 'mont,' and the Danes long afterwards added their 'law.' The hill is now called 'Mount Benjerlaw;' in it *hill* comes three times over."\* When we call such names "tautological" we seem to imply that they were produced by the conscious act of repetition. How much of such a purpose there may once have been it is difficult to say: but it

\* "The Sources of Standard English," by T. L. Kingston-Oliphant, M.A. (Macmillan, 1873), p. 41. Perhaps *law* may have been an Anglican element, and so *Benjerlaw* may have been the intermediate state of the name, until the Norman period came, with its prefix *Mount*. Thus also in Leicestershire, Mount Sorrel is Mount Soar-hill (on the River Soar), where the attrition and obscurity of *hill*, with the fact that its office is now wholly discharged by *Mount*, indicates that the prefix is the latest addition.

is plain that the stratified forms are preserved by those who are quite unconscious of the elements of their composition. In such cases as Windermere Lake, Penlee Point, Men Rock, it is possible that the authors of these forms were more or less aware that "mere" meant "lake," and "pen" meant "point," and "men" signified "rock;" but it is also possible that the addition may have sprung from a fresh and independent impression of the natural object in each instance. Inasmuch, then, as the term "tautological" seems to carry with it some implied conclusion on this uncertain point, some such word as "cumulation" may be preferable, as being void of any suggestion beyond the plain matter of fact, that such names have been built up by the reiterated assertion of the self-same idea under varying forms of speech.

This cumulation is not confined to local names. The same thing may be observed in the ordinary substantives. Thus *butt-end* is composed of the French *bout*, and its English equivalent *end*. In Somersetshire a small fiddle is called a *croudy-kit*, from *croud*, the old Welsh word for a fiddle, and the modern *kit* of the dancing master. But there are far more interesting, because more subtle forms, in which the same phenomenon may be recognized.

As languages succeed one another on the face of the earth, so do successive epochs flit over the face of a language, and these epochs when they have passed away are often traceable in the deposit of their relics under the more recent formations. It is well known that there is a slow and irregular, but yet in some sense a constant movement in language, by which old forms of speech gradually became extinct and new forms are called into existence. The largest and most general exemplification of this fact, and one that must strike the most casual observer, is the movement from flexional to phrasal habits; a movement so steady and definite in its direction, that we are able to speak generally of the ancient languages as mostly flexional, and of the modern languages as being for the most part phrasal.

Whereas in Greek the declension of a noun ran thus — *πόλεμος, πολέμου, πολέμῳ*; and in Latin, *bellum, belli, bello*; the same gradations of sense in a modern language are apt to be thus expressed — war, of war, to war; *guerre, de la guerre, à la guerre*. Whereas Greek and Latin spake thus; *ποπολέημα, ποπολέημα, ποπολέηκε; feci,*

*fecisti, fecit*; the modern languages show a decided preference for an expression of moods and tenses of which this may serve as the type: I have done; *er hat gethan; vous avez fait*.

But it does not always happen that the old form quite disappears to make way for the new one. There is much overlapping; the new form enters into its place even while the old form remains undisturbed. The Greek and German languages offer bold examples of this fact, by the way in which they have admitted the prepositions without dismissing the case-endings of their nouns. These two languages owe their peculiar character, and that degree of likeness which is perceivable between them, largely to this one fact; and they are indeed throughout their whole structure splendid monuments of the speech-habit of cumulation.

By "cumulation," then, I would mean any formation wherein the self-same thing is twice said — being repeated either in the same form or with a change of form: in either case it is a heaping up of forms to express one sense which is already conveyed severally by each of the accumulated parts. The incidence of this mode of formation to names both proper and common has already been shown. It remains now to exhibit it also in the other sorts of words, and especially in those flexional and formative elements of words, by means of which their finer and more sensitive functions are brought into play.

How ubiquitous the tendency to cumulation is, and how assiduously it seeks to establish itself in various parts of language, will perhaps be demonstrated most to the satisfaction of the reader if we run through the list of the parts of speech, and find it in every one of them. In the substantives it appears in forms like *fruiterer, upholsterer*, where the same formative *er* is repeated; but there are cases in which, without repetition of form, there is a cumulation of sense. In the Bible of 1611 a catcher of fish is called a *fisher*; but this form has long been superseded by the cumulate *fisherman*.

The same variety occurs in the forms of cumulate plurality. The identical plural form may be repeated, as in Devonshire they say *belloruses* for "bellows;" but it is usually effected by the cumulation of dissimilar forms. Once the prevalent plural form in the English language was *n*, as it still is in German: but this

has been thrust out by the *s* form, and now it is retained only in a few surviving instances, as *hosen*, *oxen*. Occasionally these two forms are found in cumulation; as in the following from the fourth folio of Shakespeare:—

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoons.

Another old plural-form was *r*; thus *childer* was once (and in Ireland still is) plural for *child*, just as in German *kind* is plural of *kind*: but now we add the *n* form by cumulation and say *children*.

In adjectives, we find cumulation most rife in that function which is aptest for emphasis, namely, in the degrees of comparison. At the time of writing this I heard a gardener say that a certain stone would not do for his purpose, and he must get "a more flatter one." In the *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, we read, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks!" This began to be disallowed after the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, iv. 7, the first folio has, "He bears himself more proudlier," but the second and following folios have corrected the word to "proudly."

In superlatives, words like *foremost*, *utmost*, are examples of cumulation. There was an old superlative ending in *-ma*, corresponding to the Latin *-mus*, so that the Saxon *forma*, *innema*, *utema*, *nithema*, may be compared to the Latin *primus*, *intimus*, *extimus*, *infimus*. But when the superlative in *-est* was almost universal, it added itself on to these old superlatives, so that we had *formaest*, &c.; and by this path we obtained the forms *foremost*, *innermost*, *utmost*, *nethermost*. In the present day the comparison of adjectives by *-er* and *-est* is reduced to a narrow area through the prevalence of the comparison by *more* and *most*. This change makes another opening for the cumulation, the new being received without always entailing the abolition of the old, and hence such comparatives as above noticed, and such superlatives as "most highest," or as in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2—

The most unkindness cut of all.

Others, there are of this group which are less conspicuous. We might overlook *nearer*, but it is a cumulate comparative. The form *near*, which is now regarded as the positive degree, is really an old comparative of *nigh*, and is a condensed form of *nigher*, so that in *nearer* the formative syllable is repeated twice.

Under the form *longer* there lies a tale of cumulation. In Saxon times the comparative of *long* was *leng*, and to this by cumulation was added the usual *-er* of comparison, producing the form *lenger* which is common in early English. Thus Spenser, *Faery Queene* I. ix. 2:—

Them list no lenger there at leisure dwell.

By a secondary effort at uniformity the form *longer* has come in, and all trace of *leng* and *lenger* is removed.

Among adverbs the same phenomenon presents itself in another guise. There are in the whole compass of the English language only three forms of adverb, which rank thus in the order of their seniority: the flat, the flexional (chiefly in *-ly* and genitival), the phrasal. We may find some adjectives which form adverbs in all the three forms, as *sudden*, *suddenly*, *of a sudden*; *sure*, *surely*, *of a surety*; *extreme*, *extremely*, *in the extreme*. The flat is the most used in the popular speech, and also the least usual in literature; but yet it is found, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 3—

I am sudden sick.

The way in which cumulation ordinarily appears in this part of speech is in the combination of any two of these forms to produce an emphatic adverbial effect, as "in an instant suddenly:" or, as in the following:—

Let no man think that sudden in a minute  
All is accomplished and the work is done.

Sometimes, however, the preposition of the phrasal adverb is actually prefixed to an old flat adverb, as in the cumulate forms *for aye*, *of yore*. The latter may require a word of explanation. A very ancient adverb of time is *iu*, meaning long ago, which occurs in Mæso-Gothic, and which having become somewhat faded in Saxon times, received the addition of the equivalent *ær*, which made it, into a cumulate adverb with a repeated sense, thus, *iu ær*: these coalesced in one word *yore*, and in this form it passed current for a long time, as in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*:—

Yes, quod this carpentere, full yore ago.

At length, when the time came for forming adverbial phrases very freely with prepositions, and especially with the preposition *of*, this old flat adverb complied with the fashion, and became *of yore*. In the same manner the flexional adverb *unawares*, which Spenser and

other poets use in this genitival form, has become *at unawares*, in defiance of all reason and logic, and simply by the instinct of cumulation. Again, "once upon a time" is a double adverb: for "upon a time" is a modern translation of the old genitival *once*.

While on these genitival adverbs, we should notice a curious cumulation, which, though rare and obsolete, yet by its relationship to a very common word is the more easily reclaimed from obscurity. One of the most familiar of our surviving genitival adverbs is *needs*, which is very common in Shakespeare, in such phrases as *I must needs, thou wilt needs, she needs must, needs must you*. By the side of this form there was also the *-ly* form, and we meet with *nedely* not unfrequently in the writers from Chaucer to Holinshed. But in and after the reign of Elizabeth there was current a cumulation of these two forms in the shape of *needsly*, a favourite adverb with Michael Drayton, in whose verse it may be said to lie embalmed. Thus:—

But earnest on her way, she needsly will be gone.

The verb is as liable as the more ordinary parts of speech to this trick of cumulation. There are three chief verbal forms—the strong, the weak, and the phrasal by means of the auxiliary. The strong verb makes its preterite by an inward vowel change, as *draw, drew; sink, sank; tread, trod*; and its participle by a like vowel change together with the inflection *n*, as *drawn, sunken, trodden*. The weak verb makes both preterite and participle by the outward appendage of *ed*, as *love, loved*. The third forms its preterite by the auxiliary *did*, as "I did love."

Between the two first—that is, between the strong and the weak forms—cumulation takes place very commonly in the speech of rustics, as "Where was you born'd?" and the same phenomenon is a well-known characteristic of infantile prattle among all classes of society. On the day of writing, I heard a child five years old exclaim with energy, "Yes, I sawed it myself!" The combination of *did* with the elder preterite in a cumulate manner is certainly rare; but it is to be found, as the following quotation attests:—

Aston'd he stood, and up his heare did hove.  
*Faery Queen*, I. ii. 31.

In the form *wert* there is cumulation;

the Saxon form was *were*, and the termination *t* was probably borrowed from the analogy of the second person of the present tense, *art*.

After the verbs there remain that host of symbolical vocables which in a variety of ways qualify and regulate and modify the verbal action. Among these the most remarkable is the verbal negative. Here we once had cumulation, and we still have it in the popular speech, but the literary dialect has rejected it. In the earliest times of the history of our language the negative was placed before the verb, and it is common enough as late as Chaucer. Thus, in the *Tale of Melibæus*:—

Ther is no creature so good that him ne wanteth somewhat.

A trace of this arrangement survives in the familiar expression "Will he, nill he," The *nill* is for *ne will*; just as in Chaucer *nam* is for *ne am*, *nas* for *ne was*, *not* for *ne wot*. In the time of this prefixed negative, an additional emphasis was sometimes obtained by putting *nā* or *nān* after the verb, and the result was the formula, "Ic ne was nā." Sometimes this second negative was further strengthened by the addition of *whit*, giving the formula, "Ic ne was nā whit." The first of these two formulas accounts for the Scotch "I wasna," and the second for the English "I was not;"—both English and Scotch alike dropped the original negative before the verb.

The limitation of ourselves to a single negative has been carried out in the name of a certain logical propriety, which is codified in the maxim of the English grammarian, that "two negatives destroy one another, or are equivalent to an affirmative." The conduct of the French language has been the opposite of ours in this particular: after having fully matured a suffix-negative it still retains its old prefix-negative; and this cumulation is the more remarkable in a language which by universal consent is distinguished for its logical superiority.

For there certainly is a manifest antagonism between the habit of cumulation and the logical sense, and this antagonism is brought to a plain issue in the case of the double negative, and the English maxim is simply the enrolment of a triumph gained by the logical faculty over the speech-instinct in the domain of English grammar. But beyond the pale of grammar the double negative is free, and we venture to predict that it will for



many long years prove more than a match for the schoolmaster. That more enlarged study of the English language which tends to bring into consideration the writers who preceded Shakespeare, will be found to side with the people and against the ferule. Chaucer knows nothing of Lindley Murray's maxim; he sets it at nought in every page, as in his description of the knight:—

Ne never yet no vilonye ne sayde  
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.

Even in Shakespeare traces remain of the double negative, as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1:—

Nor will you not tell me who you are?

No more need be said to satisfy the reader of the tendency to cumulation in this member of the English language. Had this cumulative tendency in English gone unchecked, we might have made some approach to that extraordinary profusion of negatives which is such a strong peculiarity of Greek syntax. This cumulation in Greek results in a weight of emphasis, which in any English version has to be rendered by emphatic words of an affirmative complexion, as *οὐδεις εἰς οὐδεν οὐδενος ἂν ἡμῶν οὐδενον γενοιο ἕστις*, which Dr. Jowett renders thus: "None of us will be of the smallest use in any inquiry."—Plato, *Philebus* 19.

Some little words there are which readily change the place and character of adverb for the place and character of preposition; and these sometimes surprise us with an interesting phase of cumulation, as when *in* or *with* stands in the double character in the same phrase, thus:—

And eke in what arae that they were inne.  
Chaucer, *Prologue* 41.

So Myers, in his "Francis Xavier," writes:—"A single-handed, simple-hearted man: with nothing to influence other men with but that inward force," &c.

Many other instances of cumulation will meet the observant eye up and down the pages of English literature; and it may be sufficient just to add two or three additional examples without comment or analysis—such are "which that," "from thenceforth," "for because," "afar off."

Perhaps there is no language, ancient or modern, in which so many examples of this sort can be collected as in the English language; and yet I would not venture to say that any one of the quoted

instances is not to be paralleled in some language or other. But I come now to an example which I believe to be strictly confined to our mother tongue. I mean the double genitive, concerning which, in the latter months of last year, a brisk correspondence appeared in the diversified pages of *Notes and Queries*.

The discussion was opened in September by an anonymous writer, who asked for some intelligible rule for the use of what has been called the double genitive. He denounced it as a barbarism: commended to our emulation the clearness and precision of the French; and held up also the example of the Germans, who say either "Wieland's Oberon" or "Der Oberon von Wieland," but never use both of these genitives at once. We, on the contrary, not only say "Mr. Brown's tenant," or "a tenant of Mr. Brown," but we very frequently double the genitive by saying "a tenant of Mr. Brown's." Now, he proceeds to ask, of Mr. Brown's *what*? Of his house, or his land, or what? This want of precise meaning is sufficient to condemn the formula—which is not found in the best writers of the last century, though Miss Edgeworth describes "a glade of the park which opened upon a favourite view of the general's;" and Thackeray, still worse: "The brightest part of Swift's story—the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's—is his love for Hester Johnson." The same contributor adds a list of other examples—enough one would think to shake his confidence in his own verdict. In the *Times* a reviewer has, "A kinsman of Lord Palmerston's;" the correspondent S. G. O. says, "This letter of Lord Shaftesbury's;" a leading article has two instances, namely, "a motion of Mr. Hardy's," and "a motion of Mr. Bouverie's." The same objector further declares that it would be endless to cite examples, for that almost every modern writer has fallen into this vicious habit, which the critic, undeterred by his own list of authorities, still ventures to condemn, as a construction that is awkward and obscure, and not by any means to be encouraged.

Lord Lyttelton was of opinion that it was not a double genitive at all: that the word "of" was not equivalent to the possessive 's, but quite a different preposition, inasmuch that "a kinsman of Lord Palmerston's" means one among Lord Palmerston's numerous kinsmen; so that the "of" is equivalent to "among." In this analysis he was con-



firmed by several other correspondents, and the opinion seemed to be that this peculiar expression is not tautological or cumulative; but that, on the contrary, it ought to be regarded as elliptical. It followed, as a matter of course, that the expression must be logically wrong whenever it was used of an object which was not to be presented as one among many. Lord Lyttelton holds that —

"A kinsman of Lord Palmerston's" means "a kinsman among Lord P.'s (kinsmen);" and so of the rest. But "life of Swift's" must be wrong, because no one has more lives than one. "That will of my father's" is almost certainly wrong, because the presumption is that a man only makes one will; and "a favourite view of B.'s" is *suspicious*, because the idea of a favourite rather suggests oneness than plurality. Still, it might mean "a favourite view among those which B. usually saw."

The point may be made clearer by substituting "mine" for the genitive, being, in fact, the same construction. "A son of mine" should not *properly* be used by a man who had no more than one son, though very likely it often is so.

(Whether "son of mine" and "life of Swift's" are really the same construction will have to be considered presently.)

Mr. Thiriold threw a new light on the debate by quoting some important witnesses. Among these, Sir George Cornwall Lewis says: "A picture of the king" is a representation of the king's person; 'A picture of the king's' means a picture belonging to the king, *i.e.*, one of his collection." Archdeacon Hare says: "I confess that I feel some doubt whether this phrase is indeed to be regarded as elliptical. . . . If we were asked whose castle Alnwick is, we should answer 'The Duke of Northumberland's!' so we should also say, 'What a grand castle that is of the Duke of Northumberland's!' without at all taking into account whether he had other castles besides; and our expression would be equally appropriate whether he had or not." Mr. Thiriold proceeds to point out that there is a peculiar emphasis in the double genitive; he observes that if, instead of Othello's "Never more be officer of mine," you substitute "be my officer," you make it tame; that the title of one of our novels, "That Boy of Norcott's," conjures expectations which "Norcott's Boy" could not call up, while "That Boy of Norcott" would give an uncertain sound. Yet there is but *one* boy. Another contributor observes that "a discovery of John" signifies that

John was discovered; "a discovery of John's" that John discovered something.

In the midst of this diversity of views, we may discern two lines of thought which are marked by consistency and direction, and which are in absolute antagonism to each other. One says that the so-called double genitive is an elliptical or compendious form of speech which when expanded is found to be no double genitive at all, but only to contain a couple of genitive forms which look different ways, thus: "A kinsman of Palmerston's — *subaudi* kinsman." This argument betrays a leaning upon the pronominal examples, "son of mine" — "officer of mine," and draws its illustration from their analogy. The other maintains the reality of the double genitive, asserts that the two genitives have one constructive bearing, and are really duplicates; that so far from being elliptical it is a pleonastic and cumulative formula which is as full in form as it is in emphasis and humorous effect. This view rests chiefly upon substantial instances, such as "That Boy of Norcott's."

When in a conflict of opinion there seems to be reason on both sides, this is often a token of some entanglement, something that needs to be unravelled, and when we once suspect this, our cue is naturally caution, even (as it may appear) excessive caution, and we revise our skein thread by thread.

Let us not even assume that the two kinds of phrase, namely, "officer of mine" and "that boy of Norcott's," may be counted as one. It seems so obvious to take them as standing to one another in the same relation as substantive and pronoun constantly hold to one another, that it may look like a perverse ingenuity to raise the doubt; but however much appearances may be against me, I crave permission to distinguish them for the moment by the terms substantive and pronominal. This done, I would submit that the substantival formula is purely and properly a double genitive, and that it has been formed by the cumulation of the two genitival symbols, the ancient and the modern, the Gothic and the Romanesque. The French have but one usual way of expressing the genitive, and that is by their preposition *de*, as *Un parent de Lord Palmerston*; the Germans have their native symbol for the same thing, namely, the possessive *s*, so that the pure German formula is *Ein Verwandte Palmerstons*; but the English, possess-

ing one of these by the same native right as the Germans themselves, and having adopted the French *de*, by the translation *of*, for seven centuries at least, have out of these projected a third genitive formula by the superposition of the one upon the other, and have thus produced the formula, "A kinsman of Lord Palmerston's."

That this is the historical statement of the case is rendered probable by two considerations: first, the general habits of the language; and, secondly, the exigency of the particular case. On the first head I must be allowed to fall back upon the foregoing argument, and to assume that the habit of cumulation is sufficiently proved; and that the illogicality of saying the self-same thing twice over does not constitute any ground for disowning it as a historical fact. Therefore our attention may be directed to the second head, that is, to the inquiry whether we can detect any occasion or necessity for the contrivance of this peculiar formula. And here it is a plain fact which can easily be verified, that the English "*of*" when used in imitation of the French "*de*" was very liable to confusion. This preposition had uses enough before, and these uses were sometimes but obscurely distinguishable; and hence it came about, not indeed when the genitival function was first assumed by this preposition, but in process of centuries, as the continued habit of French education widened the incidence of this genitival formula, that the risk of collision discovered itself more and more, and so it happened, that the old possessive *s* was now and then recalled, quite naturally and unconsciously, to the position from which it had been for a time dislodged, and being recalled, it acted as a diacritic symbol to distinguish between the possible meanings of a preposition upon which more offices had devolved than it could conveniently fill.

Here is an instance of the kind of obscurity which the double genitive would obviate. Mr. Myers, in the opening sentences of his "Christopher Columbus," wrote as follows:—"Every indisputable relation—every universal impulse—is an exponent of an idea of God." This sentence is certainly obscure, and this obscurity might be attributed to its isolation; but we can assure the readers that even in the full light of its context it is not clear until after a pause of reconsideration. When we speak of "an idea of God" we commonly mean an

idea which some one has formed concerning God; and it is a great solecism to employ this phrase for an idea which dwells in, or is entertained by, the divine mind. Yet such is the intention in the passage quoted. Now if it had been allowable for the writer to have said, "an idea of God's;" all hesitation and ambiguity would have been instantly dispelled by that little additional letter; and this example serves at once to illustrate the kind of need that might arise for the double genitive, and also at the same time to make us aware of a limit to its applicability and appropriateness. This limit will be noticed again by and by.

The Romanesque genitive is thus seen to be occasionally liable to confusion, and the retention of the old Gothic *'s* seems to act as a guard against this confusion. I will add another illustration to the same effect, only of a humbler kind. A lady was reading to her husband in the quiet hour after the household had retired to rest, and the book was the "Letters of Sara Coleridge." The lateness of the hour had doubtless a good deal to do with the misapprehension of a passage in itself not obscure:—

"The following description of Carlyle seems to me to point at what is Dante's characteristic power:—'The very movements in Dante have something brief, swift, decisive—almost military. The fiery, swift Italian nature of the man—so silent, passionate—with its quick, abrupt movements, its silent, pale rages—speaks itself in these things.'"

When the lady had read thus far, she exclaimed, "I don't see how that is a description of Carlyle!" At which her husband simply answered, "Ah, I see it is time to shut the book." To this incident, which happened yesterday, I can add one that is as fresh in my memory as if it had indeed happened yesterday, though I am not sure whether twenty or thirty years ago would be the nearer date. In the circle of a common room, it happened one day that the conversation turned on some peculiar expressions in the prayer-book. Among others, this came up for discussion:—"In knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life"—and it was maintained, by a theologian who was even then known beyond academic limits, that this meant to assert the foreknowledge of God concerning the salvation of man. The phrase is not genitival; his error consisted in so regarding it; and it was the Romanesque *of* that was the snare.

These instances are sufficient to show that there is a liability to confusion in the Romanesque uses of this preposition; and if this is established, we have found a justification for the cumulative use of the double genitive, as a means of putting the intended meaning beyond the reach of mistake; and we seem to have reason enough to pronounce this formula cumulative and not elliptical. We speak, however, of the substantival instances only. The difference between these and the pronominal becomes more manifest the more the two are examined and compared. Of this I will give two illustrations, one external and the other internal. The external fact is this, that the pronominal formula can be derived from the French language, while the substantival one cannot. The internal fact is this, that there is a peculiar sentiment or association of ideas attaching to each of the two severally, and which is not common to both. I do not deny that they have a good deal in common. This is not to be wondered at, for two such formulas, however distinct in origin, could not but have attractions for each other, and mutual blendings which would tend to obscure their original distinctness. In tracing their history, therefore, that which is common to both is of less significance than that which is peculiar in each. And this latter is tolerably well marked. The distinctive air of the substantival formula is a certain free and easy familiarity, which was the cause of the limit above noticed, to which we promised to revert by and by. Nobody could decently say "that boy of Norcott's" unless he were on pretty easy terms both with Norcott himself and also with the person to whom his conversation was addressed. But less of this attends upon the use of the expressions "a horse of mine" and "a cousin of ours"—if there is something of the same feeling it may have been rubbed off from the other formula, and anyhow it is not the proper characteristic of the pronominal formula: that which is proper to the latter is a certain numerical assumption. The man who says "a horse of mine," uses a style which befits the man of many horses; and he who says "a cousin of ours" speaks like the head of a clan. Generalisms of this sort are not of course to be challenged as if they were universal propositions; enough, if the reader can see instances in which they would hold. Here then we recognize an effect like that of the French—*Il est des miens*, He is one of my people;

or, *Ils sont des nôtres*, They are of our household, suite, party. In French these expressions carry with them a sound of greatness; and this sound rings in Othello's sentence to Cassio: "Never more be officer of mine." Moreover the pronominal formula would appear to have been established and acknowledged much earlier than the substantival formula. Indeed this difference of date is so well marked that it may be regarded as a third ground of distinction between these two formulas. Mr. Thiriold has produced ten instances of the double genitive from Shakespeare, but they are all of the pronominal type—*of mine*—*of thine*—*of yours*; and we may presume that he found none of the substantival type when he was collecting the others. The oldest instance I am able to produce of the substantival formula is from the Bible of 1611—"How many hired servants of my father's;"—indeed, so far as I know, this example is isolated by its antiquity.\* On the other hand, it is not difficult to collect early instances of the pronominal type, as 1 Sam. ii. 33, "The man of thine whom I shall not cut off"—and "This charitable work of ours" in the baptismal office.

From these circumstances I conclude that it is not to be taken for granted, that these two formulas are of one root. It seems probable that the pronominal formula is the older of the two, and that it was originally a mere imitation of a French expression. The substantival formula is probably more recent; it may have been somewhat indebted to the other for its introduction into our language, but it rests upon a separate necessity and demand; it discharges a distinct function. The pronominal formula may reasonably be called elliptical: the substantival formula is not elliptical, but cumulative. The former is of French extraction; the latter is a pure domestic growth. To the two forms of genitive which had descended to us from the meeting of the Gothic and Romanesque races in this island, it has added a third, with an aspect and physiognomy apart. And here we may observe that this cumulative action of language is not merely

\* But indeed I believe this is only an apparent and not a real instance of the formula under discussion. A critical comparison of the versions suggests that here the construction is really elliptical, and that "my father's" stands for "my father's house." The Vulgate has, "*Quanti mercenarii in domo patris mei.*" Wycliff, "How many hired men in my father's house." Tyndale, and of some of his successors, "How many hyred servauntes at my father's."

an idle variation of externals, but that it contributes towards the proper end of language by the enlargement and variation of the faculty of expression.

This phenomenon of cumulation does not present itself equally under all conditions of language. It must be regarded as a wilding, of strong energy and slender intelligence; ever seeking to push its way, and continually checked by the maturer wisdom of the logical principle; able occasionally to secure a position here and there in the freest languages, and least likely to be found where the dominion of grammar is most absolute. A palmary example in Greek is its pleonasm of negatives; but beyond this, the Greek and Latin languages are generally so logic-bound that they offer but few examples within the classic pale, and these only survivals from the less conscious pre-classic times; as *πρώτιστος, ἐσχάτωτερον, ἐσχάτωτα*. The larger number are post-classical, such for example, as, *διπλοτερον, μειζοτερον*, in the New Testament; and in modern Greek, the popular *ὁ πλέον πλουσιώτερος* for the expression of the superlative degree, as if we were to say "the more wealthier" to signify the wealthiest. So in Latin; while a few instances of cumulation are classical, as *permaximus, perminimus, perpaucissimī*: the list can be most readily filled from later writers, in whose pages we find *postremius, postremissimus, extremius, extremissimus, infimiores, minimissimus, pessimissimus*.\*

The Latin affords another set of examples in its conjunctions, as *jam nunc, jamjam, verum enimvero*. Traces of the same habit are in the Latin pronouns, *memet, tute, quidquid*. The language in which this particular form of pronominal cumulation is most marked is the Welsh, with its *mysi, chwychwi, hwyntwy*: where the pronouns I, you, they, are redoubled.

In French we may hear, *C'est mon livre à moi*, as if we should say, "It is my book mine;" and in German we may read, *Jetzt war der Jünger ihre Zeit* (Reiger's "Commentary," i. 333), which I despair of rendering into English in any useful or illustrative manner.

The above examples are calculated to suggest that this habit of cumulation or stratification, or whatever it is to be

called, is naturally incidental to all languages; that it is ever ready at hand, when not excluded by classicism, to give a new face to old and worn expressions; that it has produced our double genitive, and that it is a general and important agent for the infusion of new vigour into a trite and effete phraseology.

In the English language cumulation has flourished with uncommon exuberance; and this may be attributed to two causes—the material of the language, which is highly composite, and the genius of the language, which is rebellious against classic restraint.

JOHN EARLE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

(Concluded.) *timid*

"OH, Val, is it you!"

"It is me," said Val. "I came to look at your window before I went away."

"Where are you going?" she whispered in alarm.

"Somewhere. I don't know; I don't care," said the lad. "I cannot bear it. How can I face the world any more? I wish I could die and be done with it all; but you can't die when you please. I wanted to say good-bye to you somehow. Vi, dear Vi, don't forget me altogether; and yet it would be better that you should forget me," he added, drearily. Oh, if she had been but near to him to console him! It was hard to hear him speak in this miserable tone, and have no power so much as to touch his hand.

"How can you speak of forgetting?" said poor Vi; "as if I could ever forget! But, Val, I know you ought not to think of me any more."

"I wish I might not think of anything long," he said. "God help us, Vi! everything seems over. Tell Sandy I am sorry I struck him. I was mad. He can call me a coward if he likes, and say I ran away."

"Oh, Val, Sandy is sorry too; he would ask your pardon too. Val, for pity's sake try and think of us no more; but don't go away—don't go away!" cried Vi.

Another faint sound, as of some one

\* One of the forms of cumulation is found in the word *Lemure*, according to Mr. Isaac Taylor, who, in his charming book of "Etruscan Researches," tells us that the last syllable is the Latin sign of plurality added to *ur*, its equivalent in the old Etruscan, and that the root of the word is *Lem*.

stirring in the house, here caught the ears of both. Val looked up in the moonlight, which shone for a moment upon his face, holding out his hands and waving a farewell to her. "Good-bye, good-bye," his moving lips seemed to say; or was it a tremulous kiss they sent her through the sorrowful sighing night? In another moment he had disappeared as he came. Vi sat trembling and weeping silently at her window, watching him disappear into the darkness—trembling as if with guilt when she heard another window thrown open, and heard the sound of her mother's voice. "I am sure I heard a step on the gravel," Mrs. Pringle said, looking out. But the white moonlight shone so full and broad over the cottage and its surroundings, that it was evident no nocturnal visitor was there. "I suppose it must have been my imagination," she added, drawing in her head, and bolting and barring the window. It was long before Violet dared do the same, or dared to make even so much noise as rise from her chair. She sat there half the night through, crying silently, chilled and miserable. Only two nights before, how happy had she lain down!—happy as a child—far happier than any queen! and now it was all over. Even Val himself saw and acknowledged that it was so;—all over, as if it had been a tale read out of a book; and how soon the longest tale comes to an end!

Violet told her mother next morning of this nocturnal visit. She would rather, had she dared, have told Sandy, and kept it back from her mother, who was too angry in consequence of Val's assault upon her son to do him full justice—but dared not, fearing her brother's questions, to which she could give no answer. And then dead silence—one of those blank intervals of existence which are perhaps the hardest to bear—fell upon the poor little girl at the Hewan. When the rest of the family went back to Edinburgh, she begged to be allowed to stay behind for a day or two. I cannot tell for what reason, for probably Vi would have been less miserable at home among her brothers and her occupations. But at Vi's age one does not wish to forget one's misery—one prefers to take the full good of it. She secured that advantage, poor child! After the events, which had crowded on each other, came silence and stillness, so complete that they weighed upon her like a positive burden, not a mere negation of move-

ment or sound. The long spring days, bright and cold—the long days of rain, when she stood at the window and watched the showers falling over the valley with all its trees, sometimes crossed by a sunbeam, and gleaming under it, but most frequently falling in a mist of moisture, dull, persistent, untouched by any light. Even the news of the village scarcely reached her, and nearly a week elapsed before Violet heard as a piece of public news that Mr. Ross had been obliged to leave home on business—that he had not even been present at the great dinner at Castleton, which was given in honour of his election. But not even Mary Percival came up to the Hewan through the woods in that first week of silence, which almost killed Vi. They were all too angry, too deeply offended, and at the same time too anxious about Val, concerning whom Lady Eskside smiled, and told stories of the urgent business which compelled his absence, but of whose whereabouts they knew nothing, and had heard nothing since the night when he went away.

## CHAPTER XXX.

ON the evening of the day after the election, Richard Ross, in Florence, received two telegrams,—one from his father, announcing the result of the election, sent off from the nearest telegraphic station, in Lord Eskside's own name, and with full official pomp. The other was from Edinburgh, from "Catherine Ross," asking "Is the boy with you?" He has left us, and we don't know where he has gone. Write at once, or come." These two announcements threw the clearest light upon each other to Richard. He said to himself that what he had predicted had happened—that his son had been assailed by the story of his birth, and that in shame and rage he had fled as *she* did. Valentine had not paid his father that long visit for nothing. The *dilettante* had found out that he was a man after all, with some remnants in him of human feeling. A man's child brings back this consciousness more easily than the parents do, by some strange law of nature which is very hard upon the old. Probably had Richard gone back to Eskside, he would have been impatient of the old house and its unchangeable order before he had been two days there, and as glad as ever to get away. But Valentine had interfered with none of his habits; he had amused him, he had aroused a spark of paternal pride in his mind, which was



so little affected by such emotions; and when the boy went away he missed him, and wondered at himself for doing so. And he had taken an interest of a much stronger character than he could have believed possible in the election. He said to himself now, that he knew and had always predicted what would happen, and a pang of anxiety sprang up within him, the strangest feeling to make itself felt within the polished bosom of a man of the world. Tut! he said to himself; what was he anxious about? a boy who was not a simple rustic from the country, but a man of Eton and Oxford, "up" to everything. He laughed at his own weakness. That very night he was dining out at a brilliant party, the most brilliant that could be collected in the highest circle of Florence at the time of her last revived and temporary magnificence. He was astonished at himself to think how dull he found it. The ladies were less fair, the talk less witty, the diamonds less bright, than he had ever known them. What was the matter with Richard? "You look depressed and out of sorts," some one said to him next morning. "Oh no, not I; it is a bad dinner I had yesterday." A bad dinner! He trembled after he had said it, wondering if perhaps his questioner would take the trouble to inquire where he dined. But it was not the dinner which was in fault. He felt himself asking himself in the midst of it—where was the boy? what had become of him? What might Valentine have done if he had been assailed with something specially hard to bear? He was uneasy and restless all night, slept badly, and again asked himself, as soon as he woke, where was the boy? "Confound the boy! he can take care of himself better than I could," Richard said to himself under his breath; but all his reasoning did nothing for him. He was anxious, uneasy, as many parents so often are; his imagination in spite of him strayed into a thousand wonderings; he had to call himself back, even when in the middle of a despatch, from those ridiculous questionings about Val; and at last the commotion in his mind became more than he could comfortably bear.

Nor was it only Valentine who had roused the life which had half congealed within his father's veins. The photograph which chance had thrown into his hands had not been without its effect in rousing him. When he murmured *maladetta!* between his closed teeth, he was

as much in earnest as a man can be when he looks, disenchanted, and with all the glamour gone out of his middle aged eyes, upon the fair face, no longer so fair, which had made havoc with his youth. But somehow the knowledge that he had that scrap of paper in his desk affected Richard in a way which no one who knew him could have believed possible. He had no portrait of her—nothing by which he could recall her face; and this glimpse of her—so unexpected, so changed, and yet so unmistakable—the face of the woman who was her, yet not her—the same creature whom he had married, yet another being of whom he knew absolutely nothing—had moved him as I suppose nothing else connected with her could have done. He would have been as intolerant now of any attempt to recall his affections to her as when Lady Eskside tried, and failed, to rouse him to interest in his wife. Even had any other creature been aware of the existence of the portrait—had any one known that he had kept and secured it, and would take it out now and then, with a half-sneer on his face, to look at it, when he was certain no one could disturb him—Richard would have been as hard, as unyielding, as defiant as ever. But the fact that no one knew opened his heart so far. Sometimes he would say to himself, with a curious subdued laugh, "Looks as if she had been a lady!" The thought filled him with a strange amusement, a satirical sense of the incongruities of life. She whom it had been impossible to tame into any semblance of quiet, vagrant-born and vagrant-bred, a wild creature of the woods as long as she was in the atmosphere where a lady's demeanour was necessary; and now in a sphere where it was not necessary—where it brought remark upon her—facing him with that still look, which (he could not deny) was full of a wild gravity and dignity;—he laughed at the strange thought, but the sentiment that laugh expressed was not mirthful: it was the only way in which he could embody the grotesque sense of confusion and bewilderment that rose in his mind. Would she bear that same aspect of dignity, he wondered, if he saw her? Would she know him at a glance, as he had recognized her? Did she know Val? The little picture was like a romance to him. It worked upon him as nothing in his life had done for years.

Did she know Val?—how curious was the inquiry!—had she any intentions,

any hopes, about the other boy—he whose figure, stooping on the little pier, pushing off somebody's boat, was all his father knew of him? His father! Can you imagine, dear reader, the strange thrill that went through the man of the world, in spite of himself, when he thought of this "other boy"? The elegant calm of the accomplished diplomatist, who had lived for nothing but the State and society, fine talk and fine people, and pictures and china, for years, was completely disturbed and broken up by this invasion of unusual thought, and something which he tried to persuade himself was simple curiosity and not feeling. He had written at once, as I have said, to his confidential solicitor, bidding him to inquire into all the particulars he had learned from Val, and to ascertain the facts in strictest secrecy, without doing anything to awaken the woman's suspicions, and to keep an eye upon the mother and son, taking care that they did not escape him again, but were always within reach if wanted. When he had done this, he thought that he had done all it was his duty to do. They did not require anything from him—neither help nor supervision. They had sufficed to themselves for so many years, and doubtless could do so still; and all that he wanted (he said to himself) was to know where to lay his hand upon them for Val's sake—to be able to prove his complete identity at any moment. For this purpose it was enough to know where the mother was, and to take care that she never again stole out of their ken, either by her wandering tastes or by the final way of death. This was all that was necessary in Val's interest. And yet, after a while, it did not content Richard. He felt an uneasiness take possession of him; not that he wanted anything to say to the woman who had worked him so much harm, or wished to acknowledge and bind to himself the uncultured young tradesman, who was his son also as well as Val. No instinct of paternity moved him here. "The other boy" could, he was sure, be nothing but a bore to him—a creature whom he must be ashamed of. A girl might have been different,—might have been capable of training; but a boy who had spent all his youth as, at best, a working man, earning his bread day by day—no, he could not suppose himself to be moved by any inclination towards these unknown persons. He was really very anxious that they should remain unknown in the condition they

had chosen, neither troubled by him nor troubling him, only ready to be produced on Val's behalf, should that be necessary. But, reasonable as all this sounded, some disturbance, for which he could not account, had got into Richard Ross's soul. He could not tell what he wanted. Movement he supposed, change, even the bore of giving up the life he preferred, and visiting home, and seeing with his own eyes what had happened and what was happening. He would not like it, he knew, when he was there, but still, perhaps, it would do him good to go. His digestion (he thought) must have got out of order—a certain monotony had crept into his life. That which he possessed seemed less desirable than usual; that which was out of his reach more attractive. The telegram about Val gave the last touch to his uneasiness. Yes, he thought it would be better to go. He could bring Val to his senses, no doubt, better than anybody else could, and it would please the old people, and the change would be good for his own health. He made up his mind quite suddenly, and concluded all his arrangements in twenty-four hours, and set out for England. But in order to do what he intended quite effectually, he made a curious *détour* on the way. He went to the little village on the coast where his children had been born. I think it was the lovely little town of Santa Margherita, on the eastern Riviera, or some other of the little glimpses of Paradise there. The children had been baptized by the English chaplain from Genoa, and he turned aside to get the register of their baptism with a business-like precaution for which he smiled at himself. He felt that he could do this more quietly, with less likelihood of attracting curiosity, in his own person, than if he had done it by letter. He got the copy and attestation properly drawn out and in full legal form, and carried them away with him, without even examining the packet, intending to hand it over to his father, whose orderly soul would be satisfied. And with this prepared, and ready for any emergency, he went home.

He found only his mother at Ross-craig. The old lord had gone, very unhappy and anxious, to London, hoping for some news of the boy. He had now been nearly a week absent, and nothing had been heard of him; and Lady Esk-side met her son with worn looks and a miserable excitement, which already seemed to have worn her strength out

more than the pressure of years had done. Even in the act of welcoming her son, her eyes and ears were on the alert, watching doors and windows with feverish eagerness. "I know I am foolish," she said, with a wan smile; "for, indeed, Val is well enough able to take care of himself, as you say. He is not a rustic — no, nor a simpleton, nor one unused to the world. No, Richard, I know: nothing of all that. Of course his training has just been of the kind to make him able to take care of himself, and for a young man at his age to be away from home a week is nothing so wonderful. Yes, yes; you are right. I know you are right, and I am foolish, very foolish; but I cannot help it, my dear — it is my nature. You can't reason anxiety down. Oh, I wish I could help it! I know I am unjust to my poor Val."

"Well, mother, boys will be boys, and they must have their swing, you know," said Richard, despising himself for the words without meaning, which were no more satisfactory to himself than to her. "Besides, I suppose he has always been a steady fellow hitherto," he added, "which should make you less anxious now."

"Oh, always, always," she cried, almost with tears; "no one could be more trustworthy. My poor old lord is very unhappy, Richard; he is as foolish as me; because he has always been so good; we think he should continue the same forever — never step out of the beaten path for a moment, or take his own way;" and she tried to laugh at her own foolishness, but breaking down in that, was so much nearer crying that she walked to the window instead, and looked out with an eager wistfulness that had become habitual to her, looking if possibly some one at that very moment might be arriving with news.

"Does anybody know?" he asked.

"We have taken every precaution," said Lady Eskside. "We gave it out he had been called away by you on family business. I drove into Edinburgh myself, and went to the telegraph office on foot, Richard, and gave them the family name — no title, as you would see, that the telegraph people might not know — for how could I tell if they might spread it? I don't think anything is suspected out of doors, but I could not say for the servants. They always find out what is doing. They read it in your face, in the hour you go to bed, in the way you take your dinner. That Margaret Harding

knows I am unhappy is plain enough; but I am not sure that she knows what is the cause."

"Oh, you may take that for granted too," said Richard; "they find out all one is thinking. Never mind, mother; everything in this world is like the dew. It dries up and disappears, so that you could not tell where it had been. Now tell me what clue you have, and where you think he is likely to have gone."

"We have no clue at all," said the old lady. "Had he gone to see any of his friends we should have heard of him ere now; and had he gone abroad, Richard, he would have gone to you. That is one of the hardest things of all — we don't know where to look for him. Your father is in London, wandering about."

"Did you ever think of Oxford?" said Richard.

"Oxford? — what would he do in Oxford? He has no friends he is fond of there. His friends were lads of his own standing, who left Oxford when he did. It never occurred to me; but, my dear, if you think it's a likely place, we'll send there at once."

Lady Eskside put out her hand to ring the bell. If Siberia or Egypt had been suggested to her, I think she would have rung the bell all the same, and directed some one at a half-hour's notice to go.

"What are you going to do, mother? do you mean to send Harding to Oxford to look for Val?"

She smiled a forlorn smile as she saw the foolishness of her instinctive motion; and then Richard explained to her that he would go, having some reasons of his own for thinking it possible that Val might have gone to Oxford, as well as some business to do there in his own person. "But you will let no business detain you if you do not find the boy?"

Lady Eskside said, and listened with an impatience she could not conceal while Richard explained that business must be done whatever Valentine might do. "Besides, you don't think that a young man like Valentine — a newly-elected member of Parliament, and your grandson — can be lost like a child, mother?" he said, half laughing, though he was not without anxiety too. I am afraid the old lady felt his ease, and gentle way of taking this tremendous calamity, jar upon her; and she was so anxious that he should set out at once to look for her lost child, that Richard was affronted too, and with some reason. He was less annoyed by her evident preference of Val to himself

than he had been fifteen years ago; but it still struck him half whimsically, half painfully. He remained all night after his long journey, almost against her will. She could think of nothing but Val; and when he was ready to start next day, all that she said and seemed to think was about her darling. "You will telegraph to me at once, if you hear anything? Oh, my dear, think how hard it is to be left here in the quiet, hearing nothing, not able to do anything but wait!" she said; and was restless all the morning, and afraid that he would be late for the train. Richard could not help making a few reflections on the subject as he went away. He was not so deeply attached to his son as to tremble for his safety as Lady Eskside did: and he was not so much devoted to his mother as to feel very deeply her abandonment of himself altogether, and substitution of Valentine in his stead. But in his comparative calm he noted and made reflections on the subject more than he could have done had his interest been more deeply engaged. It was a curious psychological inquiry to him; — and at the same time he felt it a little. It gave him an odd prick which he had not expected. "After all," he said to himself, "the Palazzo Graziani is the place for me."

He set out for Oxford about noon. His mother could scarcely forgive him that, because of mere unwillingness to be disturbed a little earlier than usual, he had missed the early train. "Oh," she said to herself, "when would I have been kept from my boy for the sake of an hour's longer lie in the morning!" She was relieved to get him out of the house at last, bearing a hundred messages for Val if he should be found, and under solemn charges to telegraph at once to her the result of his mission — glad, very glad, to get him out of the house, though he was her only son, whom she had not seen for years. I suppose few things could make a man feel more small than the fact that his mother was absolutely indifferent to him, — could scarcely even see him, indeed, except by the borrowed light of his son. Richard went away smiling to himself over this curious fact, but slightly wounded at the same time, and set off for Oxford with many thoughts in his heart. He was letting himself drift unconsciously to the place in which this woman was. Should he see her? and if he saw her, should he make himself known to her? or what would happen? He could not tell.

There was no love, not even the ashes of a dead one, in his heart. What could that love be which Richard Ross once felt for a tramp-girl, without education of any kind — a fair weed without any soul? It had dried up and left no remnant behind. But he was curious, very curious — what had time done, perhaps, for the creature whom *he* had been able to do nothing for? "Looks as if she had been a lady once." These careless words of Val's had influenced his father more than anything more serious. He wanted to know how this strange result had come about.

Lady Eskside watched the carriage roll over the Lasswade bridge, on its way to the railway station; and after it had passed, still sat musing at the high window of the turret, from whence she could see it. She saw people, too far off to be distinguishable, passing the bridge from time to time, and watched them with a feverish anxiety till she could see which way they took — the road to Rossraig, or away on the other side to the village, and to Castleton. She thought no longer of her son, her Richard, who had once been the most important object in the world to her. Her heart went past him, impatiently thinking of another more dear — of her boy who was in danger or trouble somewhere, the child of her heart and her old age. While she still sat thus musing, with a sick heart and longing eyes, at the window, she heard Harding's slow steps, with his creaking boots, come toiling up-stairs to call her. There had been so many false alarms, that she sat still languidly with her hands crossed in her lap, and her eyes still fixed on the bridge, till he came to the door of the turret-room, and it was only when her ear detected something strange in the sound of his voice that she looked round. Harding certainly did not look himself; he had a startled half-scared expression in his eyes, and his rosy cheeks were paled, as with a tint of blue over the pink. "If you please, my lady," — he began in a tremulous voice.

"What is it, Harding?" She rose up very alert and ready, trembling too, but not showing it, for she had not taken any one into her confidence, nor permitted it to be seen how anxious she was.

"There is a young — gentleman downstairs, my lady; wishes to speak to you — if you please."

"A young gentleman! who, Harding?"

"I don't know, my lady; leastways, his face it is familiar to me, I won't deny, but I can't put a name to it. It's familiar to me, but I don't know as I ever saw him before."

"How can you know him, then?" said my lady, trying to smile; "you have perhaps seen a picture in these days when everybody is photographed. And, Harding, what does he want with me?"

"Very likely your ladyship is right," said Harding; "everybody has their photograph, it is true. I'd like to know what your ladyship thinks. I've put him in the morning-room to wait."

"If he is a gentleman, you should have taken him to the library or the drawing-room," said Lady Eskside, going calmly down-stairs. I wonder if it is any news? she said to herself, and did not, I think, give any further attention to old Harding's apparent curiosity about the visitor. What time had she to think about any stranger, except to consider whether he brought her news or not? and quite likely it was but some tradesman from Edinburgh — some indifferent person. She turned round as she went down-stairs to ask if he had given his name.

"He said his name was Brown; but your ladyship wouldn't know it, as he was a stranger to your ladyship," said Harding. This quickened Lady Eskside's step. It might then be news after all.

The little morning-room was small and bare, a room in which tradespeople and visitors on business were received. Over the mantelpiece there hung a boyish portrait of Val, an indifferent picture, banished here as not worthy a place elsewhere. When Lady Eskside entered the room, her visitor had his back to her, looking at this picture. He did not hear her come in, and she stood a second, silent, waiting till he should observe her; but getting impatient, said hastily, "You wanted to see me?"

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, turning sharply round. Good God, who was it? The old lady fell back as far as the wall would let her, with a loud cry. She held out her hands, half holding him off, half inviting his approach. "Who are you? who are you?" she cried, her heart leaping to her throat.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the youth. He did not know whether he ought to have said "my lady," and hesitated. "I hope I have not frightened you. I came to say that Mr. Ross —"

Was it possible that Val, her darling, had gone out of her mind in that moment of wonder? She scarcely heard what he said, though they were words which would have raised her to the height of excitement had any one else said them. She came forward to him with the same wild wonder in her eye, with her hands uplifted. "For God's sake, boy, who are you? who are you?"

Richard had gone away from her only an hour before, a middle-aged man, for whom her feelings were scarcely those of a mother's impassioned love; yet here Richard stood before her, her true Richard, the boy who had been her adoration and her pride a quarter of a century ago. Her head reeled; the light swam in her eyes; life seemed to turn round with her; and everything became a dream. "For the love of God! who are you?" she cried.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN Valentine disappeared in the moonlight from the Hewan, his mind was in a state happily very unusual to youth, but to which youth adds all the additional bitterness of which it is capable. He was not only outraged, wounded to the quick, every comfort and consolation taken from him for the moment, but his heart and imagination had no refuge to fall back upon, no safe shelter which he could feel behind him whatever might happen. Everything he was familiar with and every being he loved was involved in the catastrophe that had overwhelmed him. In other circumstances, had anything equally dreadful befallen him at home, he would have had his young love to fall back upon, and his tender, sympathizing Violet, whose soft eyes would have given a certain sweetness even to misery itself; or had Violet failed him, he might have had at least the tender peacefulness of the old home, the old people who adored him, and to whom he was all in all. But in this horrible crisis everything seemed gone from him. The very thought of home made his heart sick; he had been shamed in it, and made a shame to it; and poor Lord Eskside's kind mistaken assurance, so tenderly and solemnly made, that in his own mind there was not a doubt of Val's identity, had almost broken the poor young fellow's heart. Heaven above! what must his condition be, when his grandfather, the old lord himself, whose idol he was, had to say this to him? When the recollection recurred to Val, it was



with all the fainting sickness of soul with which a deathblow is received. It was not a deathblow, but in his misery this was how he felt it. And Violet was separated from him, it seemed forever, by her father's enmity and unprovoked assault; and if that had not been enough, by his own mad assault upon Sandy, who, he knew well enough, was his friend, and would never have harmed him. This completed, he felt, his isolation and miserable loneliness; he had nowhere to turn to for relief. Once indeed he thought of his father; but had not his father prophesied to him how it would be? and could he go now and tell him all had happened as he prophesied, and yet expect consolation? Thus poor Val felt the ground cut from under his feet; he had nowhere to turn to, no one to fall back upon. For my part, I think this makes all the difference between the bearable and the unbearable in human trouble. This is what clothes in armour of proof a man who has a wife, a woman who has a child. Something to fall back upon, something to turn to, whatever your ill is, to find support, backing, consolation. Poor boy! he gazed round him with hot eyes, hopeless and unrefreshed, and saw nowhere to go, no one to throw himself on. It was not that he doubted the love of his grandparents, who had never given him a moment's cause to distrust them; but there it was that his wound had been given him, and he wanted to get away, to get away! to look at it from a distance and see if perhaps it might be bearable—but found nowhere to go to, no one to receive him. And the kind reader must remember what blood Val had in his veins before he condemns him—wild blood, oftentimes almost more than he could struggle against even in his calmest moments, and a heart full of chaotic impulses, now fired by misery and left to torment him like a pack of demons. He did not know what to do, nor what he wanted to do; but something must be done, and at once, for to keep still was impossible. Therefore as movement was the best thing for him at all events, he walked to Edinburgh through the moonlight, through the tranquil country roads, on which he met no one, through still villages where all the world was asleep. Now and then a watchful dog, roused by the passing step, barked at him as he went along, which seemed somehow to give him an additional conviction of being a castaway, abandoned by all the world—but

that was all. Deep silence surrounded him, a still, soft night, but chill with a cold that went to his heart; and the moon was cold, and the world slept, and nobody cared what Valentine might do with himself—Val, who had been so loved, so cared for, and who was so sure three days ago that the whole world took an interest in him, and, in its heart, was on his side!

I do not know precisely why he went to Oxford—probably because he was accustomed to go there, and it gave him less trouble to think of that place than of anywhere else when the moment came to decide where he was going—for I don't think it was any conscious recurrence of mind to friendly Dick and his mother. He was too unhappy to remember them. Anyhow he went to Oxford—where he arrived half dead with fatigue and misery. He had not eaten, he had not slept, since Lord Eskside gave him that paper in the library, and he had been subject to all the excitement of the election while in this state. He went to bed when he got to the hotel, to the astonishment of the inn people, for he had not even a bag with him, no change of dress, or any comfort—and spent the night in a confused stupor, full of dreams, which was not sleep. Next morning he got up late, went down to the river-side, hardly knowing what he was about, and got into a boat mechanically, and went out upon the river. As it happened, of all days in the year this was Easter Monday, a day when many rude holiday parties were about, and when the Thames is generally avoided by well-informed persons. It was crowded with boats and noisy parties, heavy boatloads, with rowers unfit for the responsibility they had undertaken,—the kind of people who cause accidents from one year's end to another. Val did not think of them, nor, indeed, of anything. I doubt even whether he was capable of thought: his pulse was galloping, his head throbbing, his eyes dull and red, and with an inward look, seeing nothing around. As it happened, Dick was not on the wharf at the moment to notice who was going or coming, and was quite unaware of the presence of his young patron. Dick's mother, however, was standing in her little garden, looking out over the wall. She had no one to look for now, but still her eyes kept their wistful habit, and the even flow of the stream and perpetual movement seemed to soothe her. She was standing in her abstracted way, one arm

leaning upon the little gate, gazing without seeing much,—not at the familiar Thames, but into the unknown. She came to herself all at once with a start, which made the gate quiver: came to herself? nay—for herself, poor soul, had not much share in her thoughts then—but came back to consciousness or the one thing which seemed to give life a certain reality for her. All in a moment as if he had dropped from the skies, she saw Valentine stepping into his boat; how he had come there, where he was going, she could not tell; but there he stood, wavering slightly as he stepped into the light outrigger, swaying it dangerously to one side, in a way very unlike Val. Her heart sprang up in her breast, her whole nature came to life at the sight of him, and at something, she could not tell what, in the look of him—something uncertain, helpless, feeble. Her figure lost its droop, her head its musing attitude. She stood alert, in the intensest eager attention and readiness for everything, watching her boy.

Val paddled out into the stream, poisoning his long oars, I cannot tell how, in a vague uncertain way, as if he did not well know which end of them was in his grasp. Then he let himself float down past her, feebly steering himself, but doing little more; and then some sudden idea seemed to come to him—or was it rather a cessation of ideas, a trance, a faint? He stopped his boat in the middle of the crowded river, and lay there with long oars poised over the water—wavering, reflected in it like the long dragon-fly wings—his figure bent a little forward, his face, so far as she could see it, blank and without expression. There he came to a dead stop, of all places in the world—in the middle of the stream, in the middle of the crowd—taking no notice of passing boatmen that shouted to him, "Look ahead!" and had all the trouble in the world to steer their course about him and keep out of his way. A thrill of strong anxiety came into the woman's mind—anxiety such as had never moved her before. Heretofore she had been passive, doing nothing, taking no active part in any one's affairs. This stir of life was such that it set her into sudden energetic movement almost unawares. She went outside her gate, and closed it behind her, watching intently, her heart beating high in her breast, and a sense as of some coming emergency moving her. There he sat in his boat, lying still upon the

shining water, the long oars with a faint flutter in them as if held in unsteady hands, not straight and motionless as they ought to be—and crowds of unwary boats, ignorantly managed, stumbling about the stream, boats all ripe and ready for an accident, with people in them shouting, singing, jumbled together. There was a small green eyot, a bundle of waving willows, nothing more, just in front of Valentine's boat, which was a partial shield to him; but what had happened to Val that he lay thus, taking no precaution, with the long oars trembling in his hands?

"Look ahead there! look ahead, sir!" cried the men on the river. Val never moved, never turned to see what it was. What did it matter to him (the watcher thought), a capital swimmer, if anything did happen? How foolish she was to be afraid! Just then a great lumbering boat, with four oars waving out of it in delightful licence and impartiality, like the arms of a cuttle-fish, full of holiday folk, came up, visible behind the eyot. There was a jar, a bump, a shout. "It ain't nothing, he swims like a duck," cried some voice near her. She could not tell who spoke; but through the dazzle in her eyes she saw that the long oars and the slim boat had disappeared, and that the holiday party—shouting, struggling about the river—were alone visible. Swim? Yes, no doubt he could swim; but the woman was his mother—his mother! She gave a great cry, and rushed with one spring into the punt that lay moored at the steps immediately in front of her door. She was not like one of you delicate ladies, who, all the same, would have done it too, had your boy been drowning. She knew how to do a great many rough, practical things. She pushed the big boat into the stream, and with her big pole, flying like a mad creature, was under the green willows looking for him before any one else could draw breath.

And it was well for Val, poor boy, that though he did not know it, his mother was by, with divination in her eyes. The best swimmer on the Thames could not have contended with the stupor of fever that was on him. When his boat was upset, rousing him out of a bewildering dream, he gave but one gasp, made one mechanical grasp at something, he knew not what, that was near him, and then was conscious of nothing more. His limbs were like steel, his head like lead. There was no power in him to struggle for his

life. The boatmen about who knew him did not stir a step, but sat about in their boats, or watched from the rafts, perfectly easy in their minds about the young athlete, to whom a drench in the Thames was nothing. Only the woman, who was his mother, knew that on that particular day Val would sink like a stone. She was at the spot with the punt before any one knew what she was doing, but not before one and another had asked, calling to each other, "Where is he? He is too long under water. He don't remember it's March, and cold." "He'll get his death of cold," said one old boatman. "Man alive!" cried out another, jumping over the boats that lay drawn up upon the rafts, "out with a boat!—he's drowning. Out with your boat!"

What Val had clutched at was the root of one of the willows. He caught it without knowing, clenched it, and when he sank, sank with his drooping head on the damp soil of the eyot—into the water to his lips, but yet supported and moored, as it were, to life and safety by the desperate grasp he had taken of the willow. There the woman found him when she reached the spot. He had fainted with the shock, and lay there totally helpless, the soft wavelets floating over his dark curls, his face half buried in the soft, damp soil, like a dead man, making no effort to save himself. She gave a cry which echoed over all the river. People a mile off heard it, and shivered and wondered—a cry of longing and despair. But before even that cry had roused the echoes, several boats had shot forth to her aid.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONTRASTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

II.

THE power of rulers and the peculiarities of law are founded upon national opinion, and opinion assumes its most energetic form through *religion*. In the history of Europe and Western Asia, we may recognize three periods, which for convenience may be entitled the Gentile, the Mohammedan, and the Christian. Politically regarded, Mohammedanism in order of time precedes Christianity; since it attained its full development very soon after its first promulgation, and bore its ripest fruits in the seventh and eighth centuries after the Christian era; while the great and permanent results of Chris-

tianity, as a religion influencing political events, unfolded themselves very slowly. Indeed from the time that Mohammedanism received its most decisive check from Charles Martel, we may count the steady onward action of Christian politics. This warrior, grandfather of the renowned Charlemagne, at the head of the Frankish nation, then the mainstay of external Christianity, repelled the invasion of the Mohammedan Moors of Spain in that extraordinary series of obstinate conflicts which are collectively denominated *the battle of Tours*. This was in the year A.D. 732; and it marks the point of time after which the Arabian religion could advance no farther in Europe, while it is really the mere beginning of the wonderful agency by which Europe has been knit into a Christendom. Of course, in that which here follows, we are in no respect concerned with theology, but solely with history. We do not treat now of what the Christian religion *ought* to have been, but what it *has been*; and as such, hierarchical power and wars for religion's sake are as much a part of it as brotherly love, tenderness, and humility.

The word *Gentile* is of course borrowed by us from Jewish use; but it expresses well enough what is here alluded to; the separate national religions of antiquity. The rudest tribes of men develop for themselves, out of a wild imagination and fitful observation of facts, many religious notions, which become inherent in a whole nation. The more advanced races, who had invented some means of depicting or describing thought, could give greater fixedness to a complex mythology, but did not much better attain truth. The age of criticism could not be born until after the age of invention. As nations became distinguished and consolidated, each for the most part had its special religion. All may have had a nucleus of important truth, but nearly all were so encrusted with fanciful fable, and gratuitous additions of error, that the truth was buried in falsehood. Most of them were polytheistic.

Of all the early religions known to us, that of the Persians was noblest, that of the Egyptians basest; yet the Egyptian system seems to have promoted practical morality better than the religions of Greece, of Lydia, or of Babylon. Learned symbolism had predominated in Egypt, and under gross exterior forms nobler and deeper truth was sometimes taught, of which the vulgar had no understanding. It would seem that the Persians, in

their conquest of Egypt, treated its religion with peculiar rudeness, apparently from despising and resisting the presentation of the Most High in the form of beasts, and the reverence for sacred animals. The Persians also on two occasions appear as religious persecutors; once on the occasion afterwards celebrated as the Magophonia, or slaughter of the Magi; again, on the elevation of a Persian dynasty, the Sassanidæ, on the ruins of the Parthian empire. But probably each was a political contest: the former, that by which Darius, son of Hystaspes, ejected the Magian usurper of the Persian throne, who pretended to be a brother of Cambyzes; the latter, as contingent on the change of dynasty, is comparable to the ejection of Presbyterian clergy on the restoration of our Charles II.

One might think that the comparative purity of the Persian religion tended to the persecution of baser religions; yet it does not appear that the Persians ordinarily interfered with the religions of the subject nations. Impure ceremonies, under the name and patronage of religion, and all sorts of polytheistic sacrifices or mummeries, went on unchecked at Babylon, Lydia, and Syria, during the rule of the greatest Persian monarchs.

Perhaps then no exception needs to be made in the case of Persia, but we may lay down absolutely, that in antiquity *toleration of national religions* was the general rule. In that simple-hearted and genial writer, Herodotus, we see distinctly how the sincerely religious men among the ancients felt and judged. A Greek who believed that his principal gods had occasionally metamorphosed themselves into a bull, a horse, or a bear, felt little disposed to scorn Egyptian notions, however inconvenient and expensive he might deem some of their practices. Deeply marked as were the varieties of national religions, they but little impeded national sympathies and easy mutual toleration. He who admitted in his Pantheon twelve principal deities and fifty minor or local ones, found it easy to believe that in other countries there might be other tutelary powers, who had been left out in his enumeration. As all these religions were ceremonial and eminently external, obtruding their processions, or dances, or sacrifices in the public streets, markets, or fields, each in turn needed toleration, which by a tacit compact was in

general mutually granted to each religion on its own soil.

According to Aristotle, politics is a science superior to religion, because the politician has to decide what gods shall be worshipped, and with what ceremonies. Evidently the only *religion* of which he is thinking is an external *cultus*; he does not refer to private opinion or indoors instruction. The Roman senate did not imagine that its sanction was needed for the worship of Serapis in Egypt; but it was only by a decree of the senate that a temple for the worship of Serapis could be built in Rome. The Greeks thought it natural and reasonable that Dionysus or Bacchus should be honoured among Asiatics by night revels and unbridled excitement; but no Greek State was pleased by the introduction of Bacchic rites. In some it was violently resisted, as afterwards in Rome; and individuals who initiated Greeks into the Asiatic mysteries of the mighty Mother and Dionysus were much despised in Athens: yet Athenians were as susceptible of fanatical frenzy, if politics and religion combined, as any mob of London or Edinburgh. Each religion was thought good, and in some sense true, on its own soil, to which special gods were assigned, who best knew how they liked to be worshipped. Proselytism was practically disavowed. Different forms of worship were thought best for different peoples. Mutual repugnance there was little or none, but a great deal of mutual credulity.

Evidently this kind of toleration by no means gave scope for free enquiry or promoted progressive amendment. It was a toleration of national religions, of hereditary creeds, not of personal convictions; nor could a thoughtful man notoriously shun the national worship, or fundamentally disown its rightfulness, without incurring public odium; indeed, if any political motive concurred against him, he encountered the danger of banishment. Such certainly was the case at Athens; but Colonel Mure thinks that Athens was more fanatical than other States of Greece. Perhaps the better acquainted a populace was with the poetical legends, and the more elegant its religious festivals, the greater the animosity against one who cavilled at them. But, in fact, as the religion of those times was essentially public and united with all public affairs, the philosophic improver of his country's creed seemed

to be a revolutionist. A Jew who desired to proselytize others and condemned all the worship of Gentiles, might be accounted an overturner of established order; if he was tolerated, it was oftener from contempt of his feebleness than from honouring his love of truth.

As time went on, all the more thoughtful and educated citizens saw through the errors of mythology, but it was thought to be the part of a good citizen to conform to the established ceremonies. Many wild stories concerning the gods admitted of a mystical interpretation; so that, on the whole, the most patriotic and virtuous men outwardly followed the national religion without any self-reproof for hypocrisy. Thus in the Gentile world at large there was no idea of such a thing as choosing and loving a religion "for truth's sake," nor was a religious conscience sufficiently alive to make men in general understand what could be meant by "conscientious opposition" to an established religion; any more than Catholic Christians of the tenth century could understand it. But with this temperament, ready to persecute any eccentric individual, a crusade against another nation from mere religious sentiment was probably impossible. The wars among the Greeks called Sacred were really wars for the dominion of a temple, for territory, or for power; and the quarrels of Egyptian dioceses about sacred animals can hardly have had any other purpose than protection of the established ceremony on its own area.

Thus the whole genius of Gentile religion was to disintegrate mankind. Conquest and empire to a certain extent united them, but the prevalent theories of religion kept them apart. Men were assumed to be of many origins, each stock springing primitively out of its own soil, with peculiar local gods, and a corresponding difference of worship, even when those gods were believed to be all subject to one greater God, Ruler of heaven and earth. The Persian creed, which is ostensibly monotheistic, represents Ormuzd (Aoramazda, quasi "*aura megista*," the greatest spirit) as Supreme; yet the inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes habitually recognize "the domestic divinities," and in the next reign the mention of a divinity Mithra remarkably steps in, as a sort of adjunct to Ormuzd. The Persian, though it can hardly be called a local, was certainly a national creed; and so was that of the

Hebrews eminently, by its elaborate ceremonies and its local worship. In some cases it was believed that worship offered by a stranger would be *unlawful* and wholly unacceptable to the god. To all "mysteries" a solemn initiation was needful, and perhaps an oath of secrecy. The Roman patricians, from State motives, fostered the belief—which the plebeians did not venture flatly to oppose—that it would be impious for a man of plebeian origin to celebrate patrician ceremonies. On this plea they long resisted intermarriage with the plebeians, and longer still kept for themselves the greater offices of State, especially the most honourable and lucrative of the priesthoods.

As time went on, family religion and local rites evidently became more complex. In Greece, as we positively know, hero-worship arose *after* the age of Homer, and established itself locally. Some such development must in long time have taken place in Egypt, where, in spite of a remarkably centralized system, with a homogeneous population and a thoroughly organized priesthood, each diocese had its peculiar sacrifices and different sets of sacred animals.

The care bestowed by the ancients on keeping up the distinctness of local worships had probably a political object. Like our laws of settlement, it helped to sustain the relation of each man to his own parish or hundred. On the same principle that cultivators are bound to the soil, each citizen was bound to his clan, therefore also to the special religion of his clan. Hence issued the notion, or indeed the axiom, that a man is born to his religion, and has no right to abandon the creed and worship of his fathers; not even if he were shocked by cruelties or immoralities involved in it; for these received special interpretation in most cases. Yet it must be added, that cruelties were generally exploded, as the conscience of nations ripened; and many immoralities vanished, or went into the shade, under foreign censure or ridicule.

Still, look at it, if you will, from its best side, undeniably Gentile religion no longer deserved to live, on its existing basis. By implanting the belief that the differences of nations were inherent, that their primitive gods and origin were different, it gave excuse to ambition, selfishness, and avarice; and made war against a strange people to seem as natural and venial as against wild animals.



In the opinion of Xenophon, a diligent hearer of Socrates, no injuries from barbarians were needed to justify Greeks in invading and plundering them. Even Aristotle, in maintaining that barbarians were made by nature to be slaves to the Greeks, seems to give philosophic authority to the righteousness of enslaving them, without any provocation by injury on their part. War against oath and treaty was in universal estimate a sin; but a Greek who had *not* sworn to respect the life and property of an innocent stranger, retained his natural right of attacking him when convenient. To us it seems clear, that the rights of men depend, not on the history of their origin in distant ages, but on their actual present nature—their sensitiveness to pain, their capacity of enjoyment, their ability to fulfil common duty and become blended with us in a civil community.

We may therefore easily be too severe upon Islām for its wars of proselytism. When the Arabian prophet saw polytheistic worship wedded to immoralities of various type, it was a nobler impulse in him to wage war against polytheism, believing that with it he should exterminate impurity and cruelty, than in Alexander the Macedonian to make war upon Persia, in order that he himself might become lord of Asia. Mohammed was wholly illiterate, yet by aid of Jews at his side he must have been acquainted with Hebrew history in outline. He can hardly have been ignorant that the Jewish creed commanded the Hebrews to slay the seven nations of Canaan because of their impurities, sparing neither sex nor age, and that the book of Deuteronomy—the most spiritual part of the Pentateuch—treats war against foreigners who are *not* of the devoted seven nations as natural and legitimate. Enlightened Mussulmans claim that their prophet made no wars but in defence of those whom it was his duty to protect. Be this as it may, the actual history of Mohammedanism, from first to last, exhibits civil powers, whose main *reason for existing* was (in their consciousness) that they might propagate a religious creed—the doctrine of God's unity. Especially in the fervour of new converts is this manifest. A negro nation in Africa, which in its paganism was just and kindly to strangers, unambitious and humble, while blinded by many foolish superstitions, no sooner embraces the Mussulman faith than it becomes haughty and menacing to its pagan neigh-

bours, and generally displays an energy, bravery, and talent before unsuspected, with a vast increase of ambition and ferocity. Since the creed of Islām is too short to be mistaken or corrupted, we can hardly doubt that the energies now called out by it in an uneducated African tribe may fairly represent to us its original effect on the uneducated comrades of the prophet himself. Cultivation, after several generations, may naturally have softened and improved the theory of those who expounded the creed; but perhaps we shall err in accepting their doctrine as the primitive and genuine interpretation. Necessarily there is a milder and a sterner school in every widespread religion. Wider knowledge, deeper thought, more peaceful times, enlarge charity and lessen the harshness of zeal. Yet, on the whole, all Mussulman dynasties have a marvellous family likeness, with marked contrasts to everything that preceded them. Only one form of government seems to be admissible, that of military sovereignty; yet the sovereign is in theory the minister of religion, and derives his power from it.

Although every Mussulman State must be called ecclesiastical, it is by no means hierarchical, nor even sacerdotal. Great respect has always been yielded to men of repute for holiness or learning, especially for religious learning—knowledge of the Korān and its traditional interpretations—knowledge of the reported conversations or deeds of the prophet and his immediate followers. Nevertheless learned men or reputed saints have never formed an *order* in the State. The highest ecclesiastic in Turkey, the Sheikh el Islām, can temporarily arrest and delay the completion of an imperial act, by refusing his assent, if he deem it to be forbidden by religion; but he is liable to be removed from office by the sultan, as we saw during the Crimean war, when the sultan found it politic to yield to the demands of his Western allies in favour of Christian subjects. Only by aid of the fervid zeal of the multitude could the 'Ulema, or learned men, venture to resist the sovereign. As in imperial Rome the emperor himself was at the same time chief pontiff, so has an Arab khalif or a Turkish sultan always been eminently the Head of their Faith, the Prince of Believers. Among the Romans, whose politics were ostentatiously religious, the religion was a mere *form*, which added ceremony and augustness to every procedure, but was absolutely void of vital power.

But in every Mussulman State the religion infuses an active force into the government, which must emphatically profess to be religious, publicly and privately. Every Mussulman, not excluding the prince, listens to the call of the crier from the mosque, and prostrates himself in prayer, wherever he may be; and this form of religion undoubtedly keeps up a universal zeal for the creed. "Dien! dien!" (the creed, the creed) is the cry which animates a fanatical mob to any deeds of violence, and has often led wild horsemen to victory. Some nations seem constitutionally less susceptible of religious excitement than others. The Persians proper are not so earnest as the Turks, and are both less honest and less fanatical; yet, on the whole, there is very little apparent difference between any two Mohammedan governments, whether Arab, Moor, Turk, Mogul, or even Bornou and Begharmi. The common tendency of all to trust in cavalry rather than in infantry is certainly curious. The same religion gives rise both to an intense absoluteness of sovereignty and to an almost democratic equality of persons. Possibly this may be the result of its essentially military complexion. In a camp of warriors, united by religion and the hope of conquest, the social feeling is that of comrades and equals: but this is tempered by the necessity of obedience to the military chief, in whom is vested an absolute authority over the fortunes and lives of his fellows. In spite of the arbitrary power of all Mohammedan potentates, whether their authority be supreme or delegated, there reigns through the nation at large a fraternizing and in some sense a levelling spirit. The religion is intensely opposed to aristocratic sentiment. The meanest believer in God and Mohammed judges himself to be fit company for princes, and applies his doctrine impartially. No sooner does a slave embrace the Mussulman faith than his master recognizes him as a brother. Nothing is commoner than to enfranchise such a slave, nor does any one wonder, if he be adopted by the master as son-in-law and heir. Nor do the poor feel themselves humiliated by poverty. Every one who thinks that he has failed of justice from the local judge, regards it as the obvious duty of the supreme prince to hear his appeal. Persians are less bold of spirit than Turks; yet a Persian in Teherân has been known to stop and accost the king, appeal to him for justice, and threaten him with

God's judgment at the last day if it be refused. Such a thing astonishes Europeans, but passes without resentment from Mussulmans. As the profession of the creed of Islâm is that which alone gives glory to nations, and is supposed to draw after it worldly supremacy, the prince has no authority independent of his religion; and learned men cannot say to a poor Mussulman, as here we say to a poor Christian, "You must do homage to the prince in his character of worldly potentate, and not only as to a religious leader and fellow-believer."

It belongs to military organization that each superior officer in turn is despotic over his inferiors. The necessity for prompt obedience in actual war seldom admits of appeal to a higher authority, so as to arrest immediate execution; and we know among ourselves, how a despotism which is only really necessary in the face of an enemy is maintained during years of profound peace and in the heart of our own people. This will perhaps explain the fact, that a perpetual delegation of despotism is the Mussulman form of civil government. Hence the same sad result as in the Roman empire. An emperor or sultan, an Aurelius or a Solyman, might issue edicts of admirable justice; but the subjects of the empire had no means of securing that the vice-roys and lieutenants and sergeants should observe them. In our Indian administration we are, or ought to be, painfully aware of this inherent difficulty of a despotic rule.

As regards foreign nations, the Moslem wars were tempered by the principle of proselytism, unknown to the Gentile States. If Chaldæan horsemen or Roman infantry laid prostrate a people's liberties, the conquered had nothing left but to crouch and suffer: but if Saracens or Moors were the invaders, they had but to adopt the new religion, and they at once became the equals of their conquerors, and valued members of the ruling body. This has been a great source of strength to Islâm in the onward movements. Nor is it to be supposed that these conversions were merely hypocritical or made with great difficulty. Three great and victorious Tartar nations voluntarily put off their paganism to adopt the religion of the Mohammedans whom they had vanquished; much as did the Goths adopt Christianity. It is easy to conceive how an enthusiastic contagion often impelled numbers of a conquered people to do the same.

Thus the old barrier between nations, which local institutions and local religions had set up, was effectually levelled. Tribes of most diverse blood and tendencies coalesced, and often assumed so uniform a genius as surprises the distant beholder. In the first splendid centuries of the Mohammedan outburst it would seem that in Syria and Asia Minor various masses of population which were ostensibly Christian must have surrendered themselves to the Arabian religion; so perhaps did they in Roumelia, after the conquest of Constantinople. But the Christianity of these nations was of a most doubtful kind. After the Roman empire became Christian, and the old religions were forbidden, an external Christianity was superinduced under a form which to Mussulmans seemed polytheistic. One may infer, that those Christians who remained firm, fled to the mountainous regions; for it is in these places more secure from an enemy who excelled in cavalry, that the Nestorian, the Chaldæan, and the Syrian Christians retained existence and transmitted their faith. In Persia the great majority of the people became converts of Islâm; it is not clear whether they ought to be called polytheists: that they were fire-worshippers is an ignorant slander. The Jews and many of the Christians, on whom Mohammed looked more mildly, as "the people of the book" and not idolaters, have stubbornly refused conversion. The Jews, being nowhere an independent State, are less important and hardly a political fact; but Islâm and Christianity are now the two great powers that divide the world, each despairing to convert the other. Each now makes converts of barbarians only; but the Moslem converts are over the breadth of Africa, and may become a great consolidated power, if their barbarism abate; the Christian converts are scattered, chiefly over oceanic isles, and nowhere assume political importance.

To the Mohammedans the Korân, as the Pentateuch to the Hebrews, is not only the standard of moral instruction, but the fountain of political law. So submissive are the Turks to its letter, that they will neither engrave nor paint any living form. In the Hebrew decalogue also, a precept is worded, "Thou shalt not *make* to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any [living] thing in heaven or earth." The Persians do not at all object to painting the human face, but the Ottomans esteem it to be a rivalry

of creative power, as well as tending to idolatry. But there is no difference as to acknowledging the Korân as the rule of political institutions. Laws concerning land, concerning movable property, concerning women, marriage, dowries, divorce; concerning war and slavery, are all drawn from the Korân.

It is interesting to know that the Indian Moslems greatly discourage polygamy, and endeavour to exterminate it among themselves by stringent covenants in marriage settlements. Yet with the fact before them, that their prophet himself was a polygamist, it is impossible for their religion to forbid polygamy to their chief men. Many learned doctors have inculcated it as a *duty*, on all men rich enough to support several families, to take more wives than one, up to the standard number *four*; which, for political or other reasons, Mohammed was by special dispensation allowed to exceed. No single cause seems so fertile of mischief to Mussulman dynasties. The sultans, pashas, chieftains in every country of Asia or Africa are uniformly polygamists, and no one cares to enquire whether their ladies are wives or concubines. None of the children are neglected or despised; none of the sons are disqualified from succeeding to the father's position. The Turkish sultan is said *never* to take a legitimate wife; such is the rule of the Court; nay, it has been remarked that every sultan is open to the reproach, "Thou son of a slave;" his mother's status being slavery. When we remember that the Hebrew law permitted polygamy, yet the Jewish nation in long time broke away from the unnatural practice, we might have expected the same thing from Moslems. Does the cause of its persistence lie in the example of the prophet? But Abraham also and Jacob were polygamists. Or shall we say, that the proclivity of despotic princes to this practice is the cardinal matter, and the example of the prophet their mere excuse; and that if the Hebrews had continued to live under despotism, polygamy would have perpetuated itself with them also? It may be so; but whatever is the cause of Mussulman polygamy, the fact appears to be peculiarly deadly in this religion. Every princely family tends to decay by self-exhaustion; besides, the rivalry and animosity of half-brothers tears great houses asunder, to the ruin of aristocracy. Each of the wives is busy to get for her own children as large a share of the paternal fortune as intrigue

and coaxing can secure; many a wife contrives to keep a secret hoard unknown to her husband, partly in self-protection, partly to bestow on her children. It seems but incident to human nature, that in proportion to the greatness of the stake for which rival wives contend, should be the bitterness of the contest. We know how often the first act of a king's accession is to slay his half-brothers. What can be more fatal to royalty and to aristocracy than such an institution? We see, as it were, a type of the cruelty induced in the tale of Abraham's two wives. No sooner is Isaac born than Sarah is enraged against Ishmael, and drives him away with his mother to perish in the desert. Besides, the polygamy draws after it a jealous separation of the sexes hurtful to both, and (it cannot be doubted) a great contempt of women. The learned Mr. Lane informs us, that a favourite topic of discourse among Mussulman doctors is, the weakness and wickedness of the female sex.

Yet Mussulman nations are not wholly alike. Some, as the Turks, have much virtue among themselves, and great probity in the observance of all public treaties, however liable to be ferocious (as, indeed, the English have shown themselves) when they suspect that insurrection is meditated by a subject people. Among the Turks, as among many Indian Mussulmans, there is nothing to forbid poor men of undistinguished families from rising into the highest posts of State. There is no division of patricians and plebeians. The consciousness of dignity manifested by a poor Turk is often ludicrous to a European; and though we see that the empire is wasting, and probably must waste, through the ignorance of sultans reared in a seraglio, and the ruinous process by which the pashas are appointed, still it would seem that the government of Persia, which inherits the despotic principles of the old Gentile monarchies, is more destructive to the virtues and happiness of the Persians than are the more purely Mussulman principles to the Ottomans. Persia differs from the other Mohammedan kingdoms, not only in belonging to the sect of Shi-ites (which reject the traditions), but in never having surrendered her political system so entirely to the Arabian principles. From neither people is any regeneration of Islâm to be hoped. The Arabs have tried religious reforms, and have produced only the fanatical sect of Wahabis.

It remains an interesting problem, whether from the cultivated Mussulmans of India we can hope any diffusion of humane, civilizing, and exalting principles into this wide-spread religion, which shows no tendency to vanish away. Of Mussulmans, still more truly than of Roman Catholics, it may be said, that they have no national patriotism so strong as their religious bond. Through their meetings as pilgrims in Mecca, they have a common contact of great influence; and no one can foresee what power the companies of more enlightened pilgrims may some day put forth, from Mecca as the centre, to modify the whole world of Islâm.

Under Mohammedanism, we have seen, the Church and the State are one, and religion is the paramount influence; yet there is no hierarchy. Under Christianity one might have expected religion to be still more the paramount influence. The Apostle Paul pointedly declares, "Our citizenship (*πολιτεία*) is in heaven;" but no Christian nation has ever surrendered itself so unreservedly to its religion as the Mussulmans have done. Moreover, since a hierarchy, powerful in union and in the subjection of the laity, already existed in the Christian Church when Constantine, though remaining unbaptized, became its patron, the whole aspect of things was totally different from that which confronted Mohammed and the khalifs. After the overthrow of the Roman empire in the west by the rude German invaders, the first remarkable phenomenon which meets us is, that over many countries a single religious organization is spread, which, possessing far more literary knowledge than any of the actual rulers, struggles everywhere to control the military and civil power. Although in various parts the bishops and abbots gradually became actual princes, at the head of no inconsiderable force of warriors, yet the Church as a whole was an unarmed power, confronting armed men by moral influences, by superstition, by craft and intrigue. In a barbarous stage of human nature, craft and wisdom generally coëxist, nor can we expect, even in a more advanced stage, to see them disentangled in a corporation. We shall generally be right in wishing success to the men of cunning, rather than to the men of violence. The former, in fact, wield the best moral powers which a rude age possesses; and however alloyed with evil their ascendancy may be, it has in it the elements of improvement. In Mo-

hammedanism, as has been stated, the power of the ecclesiastic has never sufficed to curb or withstand that of the military leader, while in modern Europe the opposite phenomenon is the most characteristic feature for a thousand years together. It is not exactly as in the ancient monarchies of Egypt, and probably of Assyria, where a priestly caste stood side by side with the military on the same area, and competed in authority. In mediæval Europe we have a multiplicity of martial nations with independent chiefs, while a firmly united ecclesiastical system acts through and by them all. The centralization of Church authority in Rome was already far advanced, when civil government was in chaos, and military chieftains numerous.

Much of the actual progress of events was, no doubt, due to the position of Charlemagne and his predecessors, who, having been only mayors of the palace to the French king, usurped the royal power, and at length obtained a sanction for it from Rome and the pope; two names, of which each singly had weight with vulgar ears. The great Charles himself was crowned in Rome with the iron crown of the Lombards by the hand of the Holy Father; and the secure possession of so large a part of Italy as the temporal dominion of the Papal See, down to recent days, was due to the favour and gift of Charlemagne, who, it seems, was imposed on by a forged grant from Constantine. Thus in Europe the spiritual power gained a firm, material, and independent basis in the south, while it was preaching, teaching, or intriguing in the north. If national churches, such as the Reformation set up, subject to the control of princes, had gained existence four or five centuries earlier, the Church would everywhere have become the mere tool of the Crown; and whatever difference of opinion there may be, whether it is a change for the better that the Protestant hierarchy has been made subservient to the State, it cannot reasonably be doubted that it would have been worse at an earlier period. A king of England or of France, or an emperor of Germany, who fell into conflict with one of his bishops, soon found, to his inconvenience, that the bishop was countenanced by the pope, and the pope's name carried with it the support of all the ecclesiastics everywhere, and that their influence brought against him the feelings or even the weapons of many a baron and duke, sometimes of a neighbouring king. Thus,

although the spiritual power was in each separate State much weaker than the military, yet, since the former was fixed in a centre generally out of reach, and occupied exclusively by the spiritual potentate, neither of the two combatants could annihilate the other's agency or appropriate his resources. This is the grand peculiarity of the Middle Ages, distinguishing that period alike from Islâm and from the earlier Gentile system.

One immediate and marked result of the early fixed independence of the Church, was the giving honour to civil as opposed to military employment, and, in no small degree, honour to industry. Under ancient Rome, we know, Cicero was the first man who rose to the highest power by the arts of a civilian; in Greece, though Athens was literary, feats of arms and skill as an army-leader were the accomplishments most frequently looked for in influential statesmen; and we must reasonably believe the same to be true of every warlike State of antiquity; but the literary qualifications of churchmen, in an age which looked back to superior cultivation, marked them out as the only persons qualified as compilers of codes, interpreters of law, ambassadors in delicate disputes, chancellors of a kingdom; so that in many cases ecclesiastics of higher or lower grades occupied the most important offices of administration, whatever their original rank in life. The majority of them came from the middle ranks, a few eminent men from the lowest. The Church has been called "the ladder for low-born men" in those times. The considerable infusion which it received of the high-born tended alike to give dignity of manner to ecclesiastics, and to increase their respect with the nobles. In so far it was a democratic influence tempering the evil tendencies of selfish hereditary power.

Against civil war, when it had no ecclesiastical ground, we may be sure that the ecclesiastical power exerted itself, but it is very hard to make out that the general influence of the clergy was conducive to peace; indeed, looking at European history broadly, war seems to have been as ordinary as among the old Gentile powers. We know that the clergy were the most active promoters of crusades against Saracens and Turks, and against heretical dukes and kings. We know also that they systematically promoted insurrection of subjects against their native prince, not only for heresy,



but for minor ecclesiastical quarrels; and that when the Order of Jesuits arose, and taught the doctrine of assassinating kings for Church reasons, the popes stood firm and were the last to abandon the Order, after it had incurred universal hatred. In our own day we have recently seen them revive the Order, which boasts of its past, and alike in Mexico, Spain, Italy, France, and Germany, we behold the same influences vehemently exerted on the side of war for the Church. Against this we have to set partial and occasional efforts in distant times to promote "sacred truces," or to arbitrate against threatened war. When one tries to count up or discover such cases, they are indeed very few and small as a pacific influence, and utterly inadequate to counterbalance the desolating wars which papal ambition has promoted or caused. The Thirty Years' War of Germany alone seems to outweigh all the alleged influence of Christian ecclesiastics for peace in 1500 years.

In spite of Protestantism, which has seemed to subvert the Church to the State, a phenomenon continues to present itself in all Europe, which was wholly unknown to the ancient Gentile world, and also to the Mohammedans,—*a permanent contest of the Church against the State*. Among Protestants it for a long time took the form of Dissent or Nonconformity. In particular our English and Scotch Dissenters bore an aspect towards the State analogous to that of Christians before Constantine; so indeed did the Catholics in Ireland. But ever since 1832, when Nonconformists were avowedly and in considerable number admitted into Parliament, the Church by law established has become jealous and disdainful of law, and seeks to be independent of it; so that we see the two antagonistic influences, Church and State, acting almost as freely here as in Catholic countries. If the churches cared solely or chiefly for moral interests, their independent activity would be matter for sincere rejoicing. In the American Union, where no religious sect is favoured, the State appears to know nothing whatever of their proceedings. This may suggest that our present condition is one of mere transition. Free churches, it is to be hoped, will not always limit their views as hitherto, nor always be in variance with one another, nor with the impartial thought outside of them.

While it is impossible to admire the  
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intrigues of Rome, or not to deplore the crusades, yet it must not be overlooked that these have in large part cemented Europe into a single diplomatic commonwealth, of which in ancient times we see a type on a small scale in the contrast of Greece to Barbaria; that is, to all the world beside. To be comrades in a long series of wars, from a sincere common sentiment, however fanatical, must in itself greatly break down national barriers. The first crusade to avenge the Holy Sepulchre was primarily stirred up by wild fanaticism; but later crusades were probably fostered by policy. The See of Rome had not forgotten, if Europe had, how deadly and dangerous a war Charles Martel and the Franks had to wage against the Moors from Spain. A new and redoubtable nation, the Seljuk Turks, had appeared on the confines of Europe as a fresh champion of the Mohammedan creed, not less formidable than the Saracens. It is not attributing too much foresight or sagacious policy to the Court of Rome, to believe that they wished to stop and put down the Turkish power before it should come near. However this may be, such was the result: the might of the house of Seljuk was crippled on the plains of Palestine, and did not ultimately reach Europe. Somewhat later the successors of Jenghiz Khan advanced into Europe, ravaging it as they advanced. After they had defeated and slain the Duke of Silesia in a terrible battle, the severity of which made them recede, the pope stepped forward, as the representative of collective Europe. He first endeavoured to stir up all the Powers to oppose them, but found that no hearty alliance was possible, after the enemy had actually retired. In fact, ignorance of geography struck all with panic: no one knew whence the enemy had come, or whither he was gone. Nothing further could be done but to send papal embassies to the remotest part of Tartary, of which to us the chief interest is, to observe how unhesitatingly the pope announces himself as the mouthpiece and central power of Europe. A large portion of Christendom, which disowned the religious headship of Rome, was afterwards subdued by the Ottomans or Osmanlies, but Romish Christendom was scarcely touched by them; their conquest of Hungary was partial and transient: Poland, Germany, and Hungary, even during the schism of the Reformation, saved papal Europe from the Ottomans, as the Franks had saved it from

the Moors. On the whole it seems probable that to the Roman Church we are largely indebted for that united sentiment and action of European nations, without which Mohammedan invasion could hardly have been repelled. A new conquest would in any case have been disastrous; but when we see in every Moslem country polygamy, military tyranny, stagnation, and decay, and the feeble state of the coëxisting Christian races, no price may seem too great to have paid for our escape. Each successive development in its earlier movement brings from its nobler elements advantages that are not to be overlooked; but in the later stages all its weaknesses and imperfections grow up to maturity; so that those who have, as it were, to drink the dregs of the vessel, find them merely bitter or poisonous.

With the reformation of religion in Europe a new era opens. A great cleft was made in the ecclesiastical power: in all the Protestant countries except Scotland the Church fell at once into dependence on the State, as in old Rome. It remains to ask, is there nothing new introduced by Protestantism, through which we are put in contrast to ancient times?

Undoubtedly an eminently important principle, destined to influence the world to remote ages, has for the first time been forced forward into public law by the instrumentality of Protestantism;—and that is, *the right of individual conscience*. This, as I have said, was scarcely imagined by antiquity. It was practically disowned by Jew and Egyptian, Greek and Roman. It obtained very partial admission with Mohammedans, and was utterly denied by Romish divinity and by the practice of the Catholic States. Nay, it was long refused and deprecated by leading reformers,—men who above all others needed toleration themselves. Catholic princes of Transylvania were the earliest to grant toleration to deniers of the Trinity: England in the eighteenth century persecuted some of them to death. Evidently in no country have the rights of conscience been established by the influence of pure reasoning or of pure Christianity: but the details are sufficiently important to enlarge upon.

Many eminent men, whose position would naturally have made them zealous for the rights of conscience, have, nevertheless, shrunk from avowing those rights, without qualifications which re-

duce them to a nullity. Not merely Romanists, nor merely Protestants born, but those who have actually seceded from the one side to the other have deprecated toleration, and not only when they have been in the ascendant, but some of them even when subjected to the caprices and cruelties of power, and while accounting the Bible to be the standard of truth. Would it not then seem that toleration cannot be so clear as we think in the Bible? The explanation is perhaps very simple. The doctrine of toleration is perfectly clear in the New Testament; but the contrary principle is equally clear in the Old Testament; in which persecution of the most unflinching kind is commanded, described, and glorified. The men who looked on *the whole book* as of equal authority and equally addressed to themselves, would necessarily be embarrassed by the contrariety; and it is easy to see in the Scriptural quotations made by the Puritans when in their fiercest mood, that the Old Testament was the real stronghold of this doctrine. Those who wished to disentangle themselves from this part of Scripture feared to lose authority for national religion or Sabbatical observances; yet as no one dreamed of accepting the Levitical law, each drew a line of his own to mark off *how much* of the Old Testament was obligatory; hence the Bible failed to be an arbiter in the important strife. In point of fact, the battle was fought out terribly with weapons of war, not with argument.

That religious wars were unknown to the ancients, was above remarked. The war of Charlemagne against the pagan Saxons, was followed by crusades against Saracens and Turks. The atrocious crusade against the Albigenses was the first war of the kind within Christendom itself; and dreadful as it was, it was but the beginning of horrors. The heretics assailed were numerous enough to be called a nation, yet not strong enough to retaliate prolonged misery on their assailants. The first outbreak of Protestant warfare was in Bohemia; where the blind general, Ziska, displayed in five years of victory what the new enthusiasm could do. This was A.D. 1420–1424. It was imitated by the league of Smalkalde against the emperor Charles a century later; but through the extreme forbearance and gentleness of the Protestant leader their resistance was neither bloody nor successful. When the cruelties of the Inquisition (a tale of older

date) began to be turned against Protestants in Spain, Italy, and Holland, the struggle became frightfully intensified. In France, Holland, Sweden, England, it was felt that Protestants must either be tamely burnt and butchered, or resist. In France and Holland the struggle was long and devastating: in Sweden and England it was less severe. Early in the seventeenth century Germany became convulsed by the great commotion called the Thirty Years' War, in which the great and good king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, came to aid the Protestant cause. By this prolonged conflict, the horrors of which have not been paralleled in modern history, two-thirds of the population of Germany is said to have been destroyed. But as this was the fiercest struggle, so was it the last of avowed religious wars on the continent of Europe. It ended by the peace of Westphalia, A.D. 1648. The Protestant churches gained toleration and establishment, but only at the expense of the unity of the German empire. In Great Britain the clash of religious war began when it was ceasing in Germany; nor was it until after the expulsion of the Catholic James II. from the throne by the united Protestant feeling of all England, that Churchmen and Dissenters became so far reconciled as led to a public Act of Toleration; an Act, which, though in many respects incomplete, had the germ of a faithful and universal principle.

There was a difference between the toleration won by arms on the Continent, and that which little by little has been wrung out of authority in England. The former was gained for existing communities of Christians, not for individuals; the latter shelters future possible communities and any eccentric person. Even in the republic of Geneva, where there was no prince to tune the pulpits, the reforming leaders had no thought of allowing a conscience to individuals; so little did the first generation of Protestants understand the logic or the necessities of their own position. But the second stage of the conflict came on in England when the body known by us as the INDEPENDENTS became numerous, who denied that the State had any authority to dictate religious truth to individuals, or control their collective worship. Politically, their great representative was Oliver Cromwell; and though he did not succeed in establishing their fundamental tenet, yet from that day on-

ward it has been secretly working itself into English policy. The first thing permanently gained was, *toleration without State subsidies*. This was a step towards separation of Church and State. Prussia has given public endowments to every sect which she tolerates; so did Napoleon I.: but English toleration was from the first a recognition that a sensible *part* of the nation was become (ecclesiastically) separate from the State, although this was not avowed in so many words, or quite consistently acted on.

Meanwhile a great preparation of mind had been going on, from the cultivation of moral philosophy. It had become manifest to all thinking men, that morals had a basis of its own, independent of Church or Bible; so that a man like Socrates might be a moral and worthy citizen without being a Christian at all, much more without belonging to a special sect of Christians, or holding the creed of the ruler. In earlier times, whether Gentile, Jewish, Moslem, or mediæval, no other ground of moral practice was imagined by the rulers of States, than the sanction of the national religion; a man who disowned the creed of his fathers was assumed to be ready for the perpetration of crime. A dim notion to this effect has immensely influenced public men who would not have dared to utter it; indeed, what else can have reconciled such a man as Sir Thomas More to cruel persecution? But the whole basis of their proceedings is undermined, when it is notorious that sound morality (so far as the ruler can test it) may exist separately from any particular religious belief: thus all imagined difficulty is removed against recognizing bad believers as good citizens. In all parts of Europe, in the convictions of statesmen, the revolution is now undoubtedly complete. No one of them now imagines that it belongs to the State to dictate a creed in religion, any more than in astronomy or chemistry, or in any way to claim obedience in things spiritual. The *State-conscience* which has been talked of, must be confined purely to things moral. On the accurate distinction between *the moral* and *the spiritual* undoubtedly a sound judgment of the duties of the State depends. In India the absolute necessity of this discrimination shows itself again and again to our statesmen, when confronted by immoral religion at one moment, by fanciful religion at another. The State being founded on morality and existing for moral inter-

ests, cannot allow immorality, of whatever type, to shelter itself under the cloak of religion. In all the freest nations it is now avowed, that good citizens must be treated *impartially*, be their religion what it may; and apparently this principle is destined to disconnect the State from all religious establishments, until (in the future) real unity of religion may pervade a nation.

In the three eras here contemplated, I have tried to exhibit the spirit, first, of Gentile religion, various and intensely divided, unaggressive in itself, yet only the more justifying political aggression; easily tolerant of national diversities, but most intolerant of individual conscientiousness. Next, the Moslem spirit, aggressive in an eminent degree, yet more greedy of comrades than of subjects; tolerant so far as to allow life and social rights to unbelievers who renounce idolatry, yet degrading them into an inferior caste; allowing slavery, yet a slavery on the whole of a milder form; fostering polygamy and despotism, yet recognizing a common faith as a closer bond than nation and blood. Lastly, we have seen how, in the long equipoised European battle between one Church and many States, freedom for individual consciences has been gradually won — everywhere in Europe, we may now say, except in Russia, — at the cost of many terrible struggles and multitudes of noble lives. This freedom of conscience, in fact, includes freedom of teaching and preaching, freedom therefore of science and of history. Whatever the form of the government, even be it despotic as in India, this freedom puts into it a new spirit, with immense after-results.

The European literature for a hundred years past has looked realities in the face, unchecked by ecclesiastical or any formal rule; and out of this boldness has issued *more tenderness for human nature* than ever before. Few statesmen as yet dare to look deeply into the *causes* of national evil; but great notoriety is given to facts by our abounding literature, by the accumulation of statistics, and by the interchange of knowledge between the different Christian nations. Now that slavery is regarded as extinct, a great anxiety has gone abroad among statesmen concerning the depraved and dangerous class of citizens. That a deep concern about the treatment of criminals affects nearly all the Christian Powers, was strikingly proved in the congress of eminent persons, assembled in London

in 1872 by the initiation of the President of the American Union. Philanthropy acts upon governments as never before. Of course there is plenty of double-mindedness. Men want to get a great result without paying the necessary price. They do not like to ask too closely, what is the source of pauperism, of crime, and of wide-spread debasement. Nevertheless, new principles are admitted, and will have to be worked out. The "State-conscience" is turned from ecclesiastical meddling to moral ordering. The duties of the ruler to the ruled are unaffectedly confessed. Humane principles are proclaimed as alone worthy of wise rulers, or tending to beneficial ends. Where there is an abhorrence of torture, an almost morbid aversion to take away human life, a belief that the reformation of criminals is of more importance to society than the punishing of them, there will not be a permanent connivance at the causes of criminality. A new political era is entered upon, which will make the future better than the past.

FRANCIS WM. NEWMAN.

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AGATHE MARRON: THE STORY OF A  
NEW-CALEDONIAN DEPORTEE.

# I.

ON April 28, 1871, the Communal insurrection of Paris had been lasting one month and ten days; and on the night of that 28th a frightful artillery combat took place, which resulted in the defeat of the insurgents, and was the first signal of their final overthrow, which came to pass four weeks later. At seven o'clock in the evening the batteries established by the Versailles troops on the Heights of Meudon, the Plateau of Chatillon, and the Moulin de Pierre opened a raking fire on Forts Issy and Vanves and the bastions at the city gates of Vanves and Vaugirard. It was like a deluge of flame and iron which fell on those doomed points. The resistance offered by a rabble soldiery, ill-officered, insubordinate, and mostly the worst for wine, was at first wild, and by-and-by slackened hopelessly, then ceased. At midnight Fort Vanves was reduced to silence; and Fort Issy, become a heap of ruins, was precipitately abandoned by its garrison, headed by the notorious Mégy. The rebel artillery-men, infantry, and the men employed as sappers to dig trenches, fled



in disorder, leaving their guns, and throwing away rifles, shovels, pickaxes, and ammunition, to run the faster. Most of them bawled that they had been betrayed; and the valour of their commander, who was galloping away on a grey horse, unheeding his men, and concerned only about his own safety, was not calculated to dispel that notion. Mégy was a convict who had been sentenced to penal servitude for life, under the Empire, for having murdered a police detective, but had been released after the Revolution of September 4. He was as queer a character as any to be found in the herd of self-seeking mountebanks who were then flaunting the banner of social regeneration in Paris.

Meanwhile, the success of the Versailles artillery enabled Generals De Cissey and Faron to make a double attack at daybreak on the Farm of Bonnemy and the Park of Issy, which the dismantled forts had protected. Conducted with great spirit, the two attacks were victorious. At Bonnemy, the rebels, dislodged at the bayonet's point, lost 30 men and 2 officers killed and 75 made prisoners; at Issy an hour's fighting got the better of 2,000 Communists, who lost 300 killed, 100 prisoners, 8 pieces of artillery, 4 wagon-loads of stores, and 8 horses. As usual, the survivors fled pell-mell, one company being mixed with another, and the officers making no attempt to rally their men or control them. In such plight, by squads of ten and twenty, exhausted, panic-stricken, and mutinous, the defeated trudged homewards through the gates of Vanves and Vaugirard, where a great crowd of women, street-boys, and desultory sight-seers, alarmed by the night's cannonading, had collected to stare at them. It was not a martial sight, for the dusty and scarified vanquished looked far from heroic. But on crossing the gates, behind which they were for the present safe, the bombast inseparable from Parisian nature returned to most of them, and they began to brag aloud of having been pitted against overwhelming odds — of having inflicted enormous losses on the enemy, and of having been forced to retreat only through the incompetency of their chiefs. Some declined to admit that they were retreating, and crowed victory — all which drew cries of admiration and condolence from the women and *gamins* who had relatives engaged in the insurrection; and murmurs of sympathy from those who, without actually siding with the Commune,

were yet growing to feel that involuntary interest which ends by moving all witnesses of a prolonged and seemingly brave struggle. Now, among the spectators who thus poured out charitable words from the superfluity of good, but foolish, hearts were one M. Marron and his daughter Agathe.

M. Marron was about sixty-two years old, and measured five feet two, not counting his hat, which was taller and had a broader brim than the shortness of his stature warranted. He was dressed in a brown coat, buttoned up to his chin, wore grey doeskin gloves mended at the finger-tips, and carried a thick bamboo cane with an ebony knob, chipped by thirty years' use. Every now and then, whether it were hot or cold, M. Marron removed his hat to mop his forehead with a check handkerchief, and at such moments he revealed a head bald as an ostrich-egg, but decked at the base with a fringing of white hair which joined itself over his ears to a pair of bushy grey whiskers running all under his double chin. His upper lip was carefully shaved, his cheeks were pink and pudgy, his eyes prying but unintelligent, and he looked on the whole like an honest garrulous simpleton — one of those born *badouins* who must needs stop to see a dog run over, a drunkard picked up, or a placard pasted on to a hoarding, and who will always fall into conversation with bystanders about the novel incident.

It was not to be wondered at, however, that common sights should excite great curiosity in M. Marron, for he had spent forty years of his life copying letters in a Government office, where sights of any sort are rare. From ten o'clock to four on three hundred days in every one of these forty years M. Marron had sat writing in a hand like copperplate that his Excellency Monsieur So-and-so (the name of the Excellency changed every six months in times of order, every six weeks in periods of Republicanism) declined to interfere in this or that matter. M. Marron had nothing to do with the letters in which his Excellency agreed to interfere. He belonged to the negative branch of his department; and, by dint of answering "No" indiscriminately to all sorts of reasonable and unreasonable applications, he had gradually acquired the notion that Government was an institution which politely, but firmly, declined to do its duty under any circumstances whatever. This had in nowise diminished his respect for Government — rather the



contrary; and his loyalty reached an acute pitch when, at the age of sixty, he was superannuated on a pension of 1,200 francs.

This pension had fallen to him shortly before the Franco-German War. M. Marron had then for some years past been a widower, and lived on a third floor in the ancient Rue de Fleurus, with his daughter Agathe and an old maid-of-all-work. He had economized on his salary as a clerk, and his savings, added to his pension and to a small income drawn from the dower of his wife, afforded him in all about 200*l.* a year, and placed him on a snug footing among the brother clerks with whom he had been in the habit of playing dominoes regularly every night at the Café de Fleurus. If peace had continued, or if France had vanquished Germany, M. Marron would have settled down into the humdrum existence of the small French *rentier*, and would have been a happy man. In summer he would have taken his daughter to see the people play at bowls in the Luxembourg; in winter he would have gone with her the round of all the museums and gratis amusements. Politics, other than those derived from that most conservative organ, the *Constitutionnel*, would have remained to him a sealed book; and he would have set his one ambition on marrying his Agathe to some well-behaved young man who would have relieved him of half his 200*l.*, but have given him in return a dinner every Sunday.

Unfortunately the war broke out, and the stirring incidents that followed laid M. Marron under a strain of excitement greater than his homespun mind could bear. A revolution, the siege of Paris, the outcry of clubs, the ravings of newspapers, and that "great voice of the people" which was launching the accusation of treason against every man who held a prominent post—all these things unhinged the beliefs which had guided the even tenor of the clerk's ways. He ceased to feel reverentially towards the powers who had employed and pensioned him; he doubted whether his own merits had received justice at their hands; and by the time the Commune supervened the iron of perplexity had so entered his soul that it had become as a ploughed field, open to all the seeds of discontent and folly which ignorant or mischievous hands were scattering broadcast.

Yet M. Marron did not at first approve the Commune, and it was only by imper-

ceptible degrees that he came to reflect how much less happy he had been in times past than he had all along thought. For a while he battled against the dawning conviction, for the Rue de Fleurus was not well swept under the Commune, and the continual tooting of insurgent bugles awoke him at nights, which was unsatisfactory. But when he was assured that the streets would be well swept again, if the Commune prevailed; and when some *café* enthusiasts dangled before him the prospect of a general righting of human grievances, M. Marron began to ponder that perhaps his pension might be doubled. Social regeneration usually presents itself to individuals under some such form as this; and M. Marron was not the only man by many who fancied that two armies of 100,000 men were arrayed against each other that he might draw 2,400 francs a year instead of 1,200.

So on the morning of April 28, having quaked in his bed all night through the horrible din of artillery, M. Marron stood at the Vaugirard gate, mopping his brow with his check handkerchief, and uttering audible comments as the routed soldiery hurried by him. After his wont, he talkatively apostrophized the person nearest him—a vinous citizen, in a soiled *képi* and uniform, who had evidently taken no part in the fighting, but was now leaning against a post, smoking a short pipe, and watching the runaway procession with a sneer.

"The cannonading this night was the fiercest I have heard," said M. Marron, affably, to this person. "I counted thirty-three discharges in one minute, and neither my daughter nor I nor our servant could obtain a wink of sleep, could we, Agathe?"

Mdlle. Agathe made a little pout, because of the tobacco-smoke which the dusky citizen was blowing near her pretty face, and, without replying, she nestled close to her father.

"No, not a wink of sleep," continued M. Marron, restoring his check handkerchief to his tail-pocket. "At three o'clock this morning Aglae—that is our servant—observed that there had been enough powder wasted to keep a hundred families comfortable for a year, and to bury a hundred others in a first-class style. That's what Aglae said."

"Yet it wasn't much of a fight," hiccupped the vinous citizen, sliding a mistrustful glance on M. Marron, because of the latter's gloves, and also because of

the word "servant," which rang ill in Republican ears. "I don't know what may be the opinion of those who have servants," added he, with a shrug, "but the people, who are accustomed to do their work for themselves, and to do it well, will ask for an account of last night's treason, or else I'm mistaken."

"Last night's treason! You surprise me," exclaimed M. Marron, much interested. "Now, hearing all those discharges of artillery, I made up my mind those poor fellows were being led to certain glory; and I greatly pitied them, though they did rob me of my night's rest."

"Whenever the people are beaten, there is treason at the bottom of it," declaimed the tipsy citizen, sententiously. "There are men who have an interest in keeping the people from being victorious, and it always will be so, until true patriots elect proper chiefs; but" — he broke off, as if modesty prevented him from saying what were the kind of men who should lead true patriots — "but I know what I think, and that's enough."

M. Marron would have much liked to prolong a conversation so instructive, but Agathe, who was not prepossessed in the citizen's favour, tugged gently at her father's arm, and tried to draw him away. Perhaps M. Marron might have resisted the tug, but Agathe suddenly ejaculated, "Oh, papa, do look at that poor young man! What has he done? They will be killing him!"

The poor young man in question was a Federal colonel, who had just galloped through the gate on a white horse reeking with blood and foam. He wore a smart black and scarlet uniform, with gold epaulets and lace, a red silk sash, and varnished knee-boots, and the morning sun beating on all this finery made it glitter with theatrical effect. The young man, however, was wildly excited, and he truly seemed in danger of his life, for, in dashing over the moat bridge, he had shouted to the fugitives who were obstructing him, "Out of the way, pack of cowards! You moved faster than that when the enemy were opposite you!"

"Cowards!" yelled a few insurgents, turning round as if whipped.

"Yes, cowards, poltroons! Hare-footed braggarts!" sang out the colonel; and as he imprudently repeated his insults as fast as they could rise to his tongue, and endeavoured to spur his horse through and over the mob, an uproar ensued. Women rushed up, brandishing their

fists; insurgent soldiers, delighted to show insubordination which could have no danger when they were several dozens. to one, clubbed their rifles and gnashed oaths; and the small boys, still more gratified to pelt a man with so much gold lace about him, caught up handfuls of mud and commenced throwing at random. Amidst all this M. Marron's late interlocutor might have been seen pocketing his pipe with alacrity and hastening to join the fray. "That's one of the traitors," he mumbled; "one who eats the substance of the people! Pull him off his horse!"

This feat was already being attempted. Several rough hands had been laid on the horse's bridle, and the animal was plunging. The colonel kicked out to right and left of him, and, being unable to grapple his sword, plied his fist impartially on the nearest heads; but a hard blow on the nostrils caused the horse to rear; a dozen women and soldiers thereon clutched the colonel by the legs, arms, and belt, dragging him from the saddle, and he fell heavily to the ground, amidst a hullabaloo of triumph.

At that moment he stood a good chance of being trampled to death, but luckily the maddened plunges of his horse saved him, by obliging his molesters to loosen their hold. In momentarily retreating they gave him time to spring to his legs and to draw his sword, which he whistled round his head, keeping the whole mob at bay. "Back, you vile herd! One of you has stolen my watch!"

"It was one you had filched yourself," retorted a dozen voices with ready repartee; and the rest of the mob, among whom the vinous citizen was loudest in his vociferations, continued to shout, "Traitor! thief! coward!" but without approaching within reach of the sword.

"Ah, it's I who am a coward, is it!" exclaimed the young colonel, who seemed more than half delirious; "I — I, who would have led you to capture a battery, if you had not raced away like dogs the moment the enemy opened fire; and they were not a third as numerous as we! Ah! I am a coward! Look at this!" and tearing open his tunic, he exposed a bleeding gash on his chest. "Look at that wound I received fighting for you! If there's one among you who can show anything like it, let him come forward, and he shall have my sword!"

The wound was a mere scratch, but the oratorical gesture with which the young man laid his hands on his bleeding flesh

was fine. The mob's shouts subsided into half-abashed growls, and the impressiveness of the scene was heightened when the young man, who had been hurt by the fall from his horse, and was, besides, faint from loss of blood and excitement, clasped a hand to his forehead, staggered, and dropped swooning. The crowd quickly circled round him; some women knelt over his prostrate form, and it was soon seen that these good Samaritans were relieving him of his golden epaulets, his silk scarf and sword, and even of his varnished boots under pretext that this would help to revive him. One of them then declared that the tunic should be removed too. Three or four others assisted her in the friendly job, and in less than a minute the colonel had been stripped of everything but his shirt and his buckskin breeches. His succourers then vanished, taking away his spoils and his horse, and a score or so of bystanders were all that remained to gaze at him, and advise that water should be got to bathe his head — though no one volunteered to procure this restorative.

It was at this juncture that M. Marron and his daughter broke through the ring, and Agathe, pale and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "Oh, papa, he will die if he is left there! Could we not take him to his home?"

"There's nothing to show where he lives," replied an onlooker in deep disgust; "his breeches-pockets are empty."

Then M. Marron spoke, clearing his throat: "I will give forty sous to any one who helps me to carry that young man to my residence in the Rue de Fleurus."

## II.

THREE hours after this scene the Communist colonel awoke in M. Marron's bedroom. It was a chamber furnished with faded yellow velvet of Utrecht, the chairs being stiff and straight, after the fashion of the Consulate and Empire. There was a great deal of brass binding about the bed and the chest of drawers, on which figured, as a centre-piece, a glass shade covering the bridal wreath which the late *M<sup>me</sup>* Marron had worn more than a quarter of a century before. The bed and window curtains were of red chintz bordered with yellow hems; and both the windows overlooked what had been a stable-yard when the Rue de Fleurus housed richer folk than it does at present. Of late years the yard had been given over to a printing-shop, established

in the old stables and coach-house; and it was filled all day by printer's devils, who came out there to wet their paper for printing, to dry ink-rollers, or to break up type. At the window farthest from the bed sat Agathe Marron silently working.

The wounded man, after noiselessly turning round, opened his eyes, and stared at her. She was then seventeen, and wore that air of virgin grace which is never found with such sweet perfection as in young French girls who have been brought up in entire ignorance of the world. Her eyes — large, hazel eyes — had a deep wondering expression, and fixed themselves on those who spoke to her with a quiet trustful gaze, unsuspecting of deceit. Her chestnut hair, to which no false locks were attached, was plainly combed down in bands, such as one sees in the prints of twenty years ago; and she had on a black merino dress, with neat white collar and cuffs. While working she lifted her eyes now and then toward the bed, and in so doing a few moments after the patient had begun to scrutinize her, perceived that he had become conscious. Then he had an opportunity of hearing her voice, which was soft and innocent as a child's.

"You are awake, sir?" said she, rising and approaching the bed.

"Yes, but where am I?" asked the colonel, propping himself with astonishment on one elbow, without ceasing to stare at her.

"You are in the lodgings of Monsieur Marron," answered Agathe, reddening a little at the intentness of his gaze. "You were brought in wounded, but the doctor says you are not injured, and will be able to move to-morrow, if you lie quiet to-day."

"Ah, yes, I think I remember. There was a battle, was there not?" And the insurgent passed an apprehensive hand over his limbs. "I do not feel hurt — perhaps I could get up now?"

"Oh, sir, not to-day!" pleaded Agathe. "You spoke when you were brought here, but your mind was wandering; and the doctor assures us you must rest till to-morrow. I will call my father."

M. Marron, however, having heard voices, had hustled in from the next room, for he was on very tender-hooks to ascertain the name and quality of his guest. On his heels followed a tall, sour-visaged servant, the *Aglæ* to whom M.

Marron had alluded at the Vaugirard gate. She had ruled over the ex-clerk's household before Agathe was born, and was one of those valuable persons whose devotion is good to read of in books, but a trifle less pleasant in real life. It was she who first spoke by crying shrilly —

"There's no need to make any fuss, mam'selle. The doctor said monsieur's wound was nothing, but that he wanted quiet, and quiet he must have. Besides, he's unable to go home, for he has no coat or boots, and a man can't walk out without them, even in these times."

"What has become of my coat and boots?" asked the colonel, sitting up and glancing about him with somewhat of anxiety. "I had a watch, too, and a pocket-book; and then there was my horse — has he been seen to?"

"The people at the Vaugirard gate took away all your things, sir," answered Agathe, with concern. "We have been hoping that they may have known your name, and that you may find everything when you go home."

The colonel gave a true French shrug: "I think there is little danger of that, mademoiselle," rejoined he with a slightly bitter smile. "However, the loss is not great — there are more where those things came from."

"Be assured, sir, that my whole wardrobe is at your disposal," interposed M. Marron, obsequiously, and evidently impressed by the cool way in which his guest treated the purloining of his property. "If it be not indiscreet, might I inquire the name of the distinguished officer whom I have the honour to house?"

"My name is Victor de Fielot, Colonel of the 200th Legion, and I lodge at the Palace of the Legion of Honour," answered the patient, uttering his name and title not uncomplacently. "If you send to the palace, an orderly will come up and bring me another uniform and things."

"We'll send when you're fit to stir, not before," replied old Aglae, sharply. "We had enough waking last night, and are not going to have a lot of soldiers making free with our rooms this evening — that is," added she, half-reluctant, "unless you've a wife or mother who is likely to be anxious at not hearing from you."

Was it the play of the sunlight through the window-blinds that made it seem as if Agathe Marron changed colour while she waited for the wounded man to answer Aglae's question? Her face was

partly turned away from the bed, and her hands appeared to sort the reels in her workbox.

"I have no wife or mother," replied the insurgent, in a careless voice.

Again the sunlight seemed to come into play, and Agathe turned her face wholly away. At the same time the wounded man sank back on his pillow, while M. Marron installed himself at his bedside.

### III.

VICTOR DE FIELOT passed a quiet night under M. Marron's roof, and in the morning the doctor declared him able to move. But somehow the patient dissented from this opinion, and begged for another day and night's rest. He had spent the previous afternoon in conversation with M. Marron, and in frequent glances towards the window where Agathe sat with her head placidly bent over work; and at dinner-time the table had been drawn near his bedside, so that — by his particular request — his host and Agathe might dine with him. Aglae suggested with her customary tartness, that it was all this chatting that had retarded the patient's cure; but he protested, alleging that he felt almost well, only that he longed for a few more hours of the domestic peace from which he had been so many months severed.

M. Marron concurred in the prudence of his guest's resolve, and was proud of it, though the prolonged stay would oblige him to sleep a second night on a sofa-bed. But in succouring the Communist chief the ex-clerk had not obeyed the dictates solely of charity. He had rapidly reflected that if there ever was a chance of getting his pension increased it must surely be enhanced by securing the friendship of one of the Communist leaders; and in addition to this he hoped he should be able to worm out of his guest what the prospects of the insurrection definitely were. The longer the colonel remained with him the greater would be the latter's indebtedness, and the greater too, in all probability, his tendency to be communicative.

So M. Marron sent out Aglae to purchase some dainties for breakfast; and when the doctor's visit was over the colonel got up, wrapped himself in M. Marron's simili-cashmere dressing-gown, and came to sit in the drawing-room, which was furnished in blue Utrecht velvet, faded like that of the bedroom, and ornamented with an alabaster clock and

chimney-vases filled with old paper roses. On the walls were two portraits in oil of M. Marron in his youth and of Mdme. Marron, with corkscrew ringlets. It was an honest sort of room in its cheap finery; and that old Aglae possessed great respect for it was shown by her never entering without dusting something—a rather superfluous precaution, for she bestowed an hour's uninterrupted labour on it every morning, till the mahogany backs of the chairs and the polished oak floor glistened like mirrors.

In this room, then, Victor de Fielot sat all day, except at repast-time, watching Agathe work, and listening absently to the ceaseless babble that flowed from M. Marron. Throughout the morning and afternoon the rumble of artillery-carriages resounded in the street below, with tramping of infantry and peals of those eternal bugles, for troops were being massed at the Vaugirard gate, and there was talk of a general *sortie*. All this stimulated the talkative *verve* of M. Marron to the utmost; and then there was his neighbour the printer down-stairs, who struck off two Communist newspapers, so that M. Marron obtained earlier copies than the rest of the world, and was enabled to supply his guest with the freshest news. He told him how the Commune had decreed the arrest of General Cluseret in connection with the affair of the 28th; and how, on the other hand, M. Rochefort's *Mot d'Ordre* was celebrating that affair as a brilliant victory. He read the decree dividing Paris into two military divisions, under the command of a pair of Poles, Dombrowski and Wroblenski; and the report of the sitting of the Commune, at which a member had moved the summary execution of all nuns, priests, and hostages. There was further a decree appointing "General" Eudes Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and a paragraph relating how, a few hours after his nomination, that noble character had been picked up drunk in the Rue de Richelieu, with his two aides-de-camp.

M. Marron read the decree aloud, but he skipped the paragraph, being naturally sedulous to say nothing that might ruffle the susceptibilities of the insurgent officer. To this end he from first to last kept a careful guard over his tongue, approved by a simple but not by speech the criticisms—and very rough criticisms they were, only M. Marron apprehended their very roughness might be a trap—which the colonel let fall, in al-

luding to some of the Communist celebrities; and he suffered severely in mind lest that cross-grained Aglae, who was by no means partial to social regeneration should speak out her thoughts with more truth than caution. It so chanced that Aglae did speak out her thoughts, and no later than during breakfast; for as the party were taking their seats at the table, which was decked with a show of pink radishes, pats of swimming butter, silvery sardines, and golden-crust rolls, she remarked—

"*Monsieur le colonel* will find the rolls new; and it's a mercy, for we've had to put off our breakfast-hour because of that tomfool's edict about night-baking.\* If monsieur has any influence over our governors he will do well to tell them not to behave like children."

"The edict was an absurd one, but I have not influence enough over the Commune to prevent their doing absurdities," laughed the colonel, good-naturedly.

"Perhaps, though, you've power enough to prevent them turning our churches into pig-styes," continued Aglae, with intrepidity. "If I were a colonel, with soldiers under me, I wouldn't stand such things. There's that Church of St. Eustache, which has become a club where a woman called Louise Michel preaches blasphemy and vice, so that I marvel she doesn't fear the fire of heaven will fall and burn her witch's tongue out!"

"Hush, Aglae; go and see to the steaks," stammered M. Marron, in great alarm. "Colonel, let me help you to some of this omelette; my daughter, Agathe, beat up the eggs for it herself."

"The steaks sha'n't prevent my saying what I think is right," grumbled Aglae, making a clatter with some plates as she moved towards the door, and disregarding the beseeching glances which Agathe was throwing at her. "Who'd ever have thought I should have lived to see poor priests hunted about like vermin, and Mademoiselle Agathe there kept from going to church, because a parcel of good-for-nothings don't believe in the God who made them?"

"I am very sorry that the churches have been interfered with," said the colonel, gently, to M. Marron, when Aglae had disappeared; but there are many other acts of the Commune which I

\* The Commune had prohibited night-baking, in the interest of the journeymen bakers, who had memorialized against "a practice prejudicial to health and domestic happiness." People who breakfasted early under the Commune ate stale bread.



disapprove, and I only hope things will come back to their old condition after the civil war."

It seemed a wonder that this insurgent should submit so peaceably to attacks on the cause for which he had been risking his life; but as the hours wore on he appeared to be as anxious to ingratiate himself with M. Marron as his host was to get into his own good books. The two passed the day in mutual attempts to dole out honey to each other. M. Marron soon noticed, however, that all allusions, even flattering, to the Commune were growing distasteful to his guest. The colonel vouchsafed no explanation as to why he had joined the insurrection, nor what he had hoped of it, nor did he say what he had been before the war, nor who were his friends. Only once, when Agathe remarked innocently that she liked the sight of a regiment drawn up on parade, the insurgent's eyes kindled, and he offered to exhibit himself to her riding at the head of his legion in the courtyard of the Carrousel. But this flash of vanity had no sequel; and for the rest of the afternoon the colonel conversed with Agathe about her own occupations, little joys, and small worries. It requires no ordinary power of homely fascination to make a well-bred young French girl discourse about herself; but presumably Victor de Fielot possessed this fascination, for Agathe gradually was led to prattle artlessly to him about her school-days, the death of her mother, her efforts to learn housekeeping, and the Sunday excursions on which she was accustomed to go with her father during summertime in the environs of Paris. From this conversation, to which the colonel listened with all his ears, M. Marron was not excluded, for, whatever were the topic, he found means of throwing on it a luminous observation; but by-and-by things took a turn which left him out, and the young people enjoyed each other's society by themselves. It came about by Victor asking Agathe whether she would sing him something. There was an old piano in the drawing-room; and after dinner, when the two men had smoked a cigarette near the open window, the curtains were drawn, the lamp was lighted, and Victor reminded Agathe that he had elicited from her that she could sing.

She had become pretty intimate with him by this time, and perceiving him to be so gentle and appreciative, was beginning, with the innate coquetry of her sex

and nation, to assert her ascendancy over him.

"I know no battle-songs, colonel," said she, archly.

"I do not want a battle-song," he replied, as a gloomy look flitted quickly over his face. The distant booming of cannon had been audible all day, and one could not hearken a moment without recollecting the sinister struggle that was raging outside. "Not a battle-song," he repeated almost plaintively; "sing me something about fresh fields, the chirping of birds, peasant villages, and — church bells."

"Church bells!" she echoed, bending a rather wistful look on him; but it was with a softened manner that she went to the piano and glided her fingers over the keys. Quietly and with religious feeling she preluded a pastoral by an imitation of those simple steeple chimes, which summon men to thank the Author of all good gifts, and to pray for grace to live in brotherhood with one another.

Now, music had the property of lulling M. Marron into a soothing sleep, so that when it became a question of piano he retired into a dark corner and spread a newspaper over his knees, making as though he was going to listen attentively all the evening. But at the first bar he closed his eyes, and at the second he nodded. Soon a boom of cannon louder than usual roused him with a start; but remembering that he flourished under a *régime* of social regeneration, he dozed off again beatifically, and a few seconds later was wrapped in the sleep of the just and unjust.

How long he slumbered is not certain, but when he awoke the room was hushed. The piano had long ceased playing, and Victor de Fielot and Agathe were seated at the table conversing almost in whispers and turning over the leaves of an album. They were nestled close together, and the shade of the lamp forming the light over them framed both their heads in an aureola of brightness. He was fair, she dark. His hair and slight moustache were of blonde colour, his eyes blue, and his pink complexion had lines of reckless daring strangely blended with the characteristics of a weak dreamy nature. She, in her innocent vivacity, had all the strength of sweet goodness, and, side by side, they undoubtedly made a comely picture.

The album which they were examining, with long pauses for talk between each page, was full of dried flowers which

Agathe had collected while botanizing in her summer excursions. She explained when and where she had culled each flower; and when M. Marron awoke she was so much engrossed in a narrative about some forget-me-nots, that neither she nor Victor noticed M. Marron sit up and rub his eyes, yawning. "They are *vergiss-mein-nichts* I picked up in the park of St. Cloud before that cruel war," said Agathe, with a little sigh.

"And do you know, what the emblem means?" asked Victor, lowering his voice and essaying to take her hand. "Will you allow me to keep one in remembrance of you?" added he; and murmuring this, he with his spare hand unfastened one of the little flowers and carried it to his lips.

At this moment Agathe, glancing towards her father, perceived that he had been a somnolent witness of the scene. It was a very harmless scene, but it was also the first such in her life. She rose, blushing like a carnation, and faltered out, "Papa, *monsieur le colonel* would probably like some tea — I will see to it;" and hereon fled from the room.

After this the colonel had another good night's rest; and there is no saying whether he might not have invited himself to remain a third day, as M. Marron's guest, had not circumstances occurred which made a further stay impossible. As soon as the colonel was up on this second morning, M. Marron knocked at the door and bustled in, flourishing a newspaper. "There are inquiries about you here, colonel — two inquiries — see." And he pointed first to the following paragraph: —

"The persons who rescued Colonel Victor de Fielot at the Vaugirard gate on the 29th are requested kindly to communicate the address where he was conveyed to the Citoyenne Léontine Fovard, Palace of the Legion of Honour, as the colonel's friends are anxious about him. A reward will be given to any one who shall bring news of the colonel's whereabouts; or, if the information be sent by letter, the writer need not pay the postage."

The other notice was from an official source: —

"The directors of any ambulance in which the Citizen de Fielot, Colonel of the 200th Legion, may have been conveyed are requested to make known at the War Office whether the said citizen be alive or dead — this with a view that

the 200th Legion may elect a successor, should he be deceased."

Victor de Fielot read the first paragraph with a frown and an impatient shrug, but at the second he declared he must go, and asked whether a *commissaire* could be fetched, that he might send him to the palace with a note. There were no *commissaires* under the Commune, but, like many other institutions that are supposed to vanish after revolutions, the thing remained though the title was extinct, and an independent citizen was found who for a consideration agreed to go to the Quay d'Orsay. He was brought up by Aglae, and the colonel remitted him, not one note, but two, closing the door, however, so that he might give him instructions in private. This naturally aroused the curiosity of Aglae, who found it expedient to dust the lower panels of the door, laying her ear close to the keyhole, and so overheard the Communist officer say —

"You will give the first of these notes to my orderly, and tell him to drive up here at once in a cab and *alone*, with my best uniform, sword, and boots. This second note you will give to the Citoyenne Fovard herself; and mind you impress upon her that she is not to come up here, for I am in a private house. Say I shall join her immediately on leaving this. My orderly will give you twenty francs. See that you execute this commission without blundering."

The independent citizen went, but when he was gone Victor de Fielot appeared to be fidgetty. His dreamy languor of the previous evening had given place to nervous energy, as if the fear of losing his post had whipped his blood. Wrapped once more in M. Marron's dressing-gown, he passed into the drawing-room, politely saluting Agathe, and paced about rather feverishly from the hearthrug to the window, whilst his host retailed to him the morning's news — the apprehension of Cluseret, the last sortie, with conflicting accounts as to its being a defeat and a victory — and a stormy sitting of the Commune, owing to an obscure member named Puget having offered his resignation, which his colleagues refused to accept, on the ground, as usual, that he must be a traitor. The colonel listened with a show of interest, and did not try to change the subject, as he had done the day before; on the contrary, when M. Marron had gabbled out all he knew the colonel much gratified

him by inquiring whether a certain newspaper which he mentioned could be purchased in that quarter. Perhaps he foresaw that M. Marron would obligingly rush out to buy it himself, and that he should then be left for a little while alone with Agathe.

They were left alone, and for a minute or two an embarrassing silence prevailed. Agathe was not the same as she had been two days ago—it takes so little time to turn the current of a girl's life! She wore an air of happiness mingled with anxiety; her eyes were bright, but her features were a little pale, and her manners were reserved. She knew that the colonel was going away, but she had not seen the paragraphs which summoned him, for Victor had pocketed the paper immediately after reading its contents, and M. Marron had instinctively refrained from alluding in her presence to the Citoyenne Fovard. Coughing to break the silence, Victor now repeated that he was going because he was wanted in his regiment. He said nothing about other people wanting him; and it must have been still fresh in Agathe's mind how he had declared two days before that he had no wife or mother. And yet, with that feminine slyness, the first display of which must always be noted as a significant symptom in young girls, Agathe remarked, "Your friends will be very glad to see you."

"I have no friends," answered the colonel, mournfully.

"No friends?" echoed Agathe, with compassion, but also with a gleam in her eyes that belied the tone of her voice.

"No friends that I care for," replied the Communist, in a forlorn way; "but, oh! Mademoiselle Agathe, I have been so happy here these two days! It was like a glimpse of my childhood, when I had a home and a mother, and never guessed I should be drawing the sword against my own countrymen. If I live will you allow me to call again at times, when there are no battles—when the war is over?"

"My father will always be pleased to see you, I am sure," murmured Agathe; and, with downcast eyes, she added, "But why talk of battles? Must you always fight in them?"

"Well, we are in the midst of a struggle which must end soon, one way or the other; and those who are beaten will have to pay a heavy reckoning," answered the Communist, with sombre agitation. "But, mademoiselle, promise me this"

—and he looked very beseechingly into her face as he held out a hand to her—"you may hear many things about me—do not believe them all. Remember that we often yield to temptations which would not have got the better of us could we have been stopped in time by a loving hand—a hand like yours."

There were tears in his eyes as he said this, and her own face was blanched of all its colour; but she had no time to answer, for a cab trundled up to the entrance below and some steps were heard on the staircase. When the door opened M. Marron marched in, followed by a red-nosed Communist soldier, laden with a valise, a sword, and a pair of boots with gilt spurs.

"Here is the newspaper you wanted, colonel, and here is your orderly," pompously shouted M. Marron. "The brave fellow rode up just as I arrived, and he seems to have been afraid you were dead."

The colonel cast a quick startled glance over the shoulder of the brave fellow to see that there was nobody behind him, and, perceiving that he was alone, appeared relieved. But his satisfaction was short-lived, for almost immediately a bell tinkled; and on Aglae going to answer the call, a handsome, over-dressed woman flustered by, entered the drawing-room without pausing, and flew straight to Victor, throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him on both cheeks with extravagant demonstrations of joy.

There was no mistaking the social rank of this person. French women can never dress wholly with bad taste; but this one had a style of wearing her silken attire which proved her to be not yet inured to the use of finery; and her manners had that impulsive *abandon* of the woman who sees no sin in anything, and has no care to conceal her impressions, good or evil.

"Ah! I've found you at last, my poor Victor," she exclaimed, kissing him again and again, and then placing her hands on his shoulders and pushing him back a little, the better to survey him. "Well, you can plume yourself on having thrown us all into a fine state. Some said you had been killed; others that you had decamped, and sold yourself for twenty sous to the Versailles. And then there was that noodle whom you sent this morning, and who told me so mysteriously not to come here, that I instantly put on my bonnet and followed him—smelling a rat. I was saying to myself all the way that he must have been sent for to em-

balm you at least. But you don't seem happy to see me."

Victor in truth did not seem happy to see her: his face had changed to a leaden hue.

"You ought not to have come here," he said, in a voice trembling with confusion and anger, and thrusting her aside roughly.

"What! I've no right to come to you when you're ill?" she ejaculated, astonished. "Why, who is to nurse you, then?" She turned round sharply, noticed Agathe, and stopped short, sweeping the young girl from head to foot with one of those lightning glances by which women scathe a suspected rival. "Ah, I see!" she remarked, puckering up her lips. "I am much obliged to you, mademoiselle, for nursing my Victor; but for the future, my darling," and she turned to Victor again, "you will have no other nurse but me. Now, come, and let me help you to put on your uniform. You must make yourself smart, for there is a spread this morning in old Protot's rooms at the Ministry of Justice, and I have promised you shall be there. It seems somebody has unearthed twelve dozens of champagne from Madame de Gallifet's house, and there'll be some Johannisberg from Thiers's cellars."

Victor hung his head, and cast an ashamed look towards Agathe, who stood as if petrified, the quivering of her lips alone betokening that there was life in her. She remained motionless till the door closed behind the couple, and till a peal of the bold woman's laughter resounded in the adjoining room. Then she stretched out her hands like one blinded and tottered to her own chamber with feeble steps. Her father stood by with mouth agape, feeling that something strange was happening, but not understanding what.

Half an hour afterwards, when the Communist colonel emerged in his resplendent uniform, and with the Citoyenne Léontine Fovard on his arm, he slipped a few gold pieces into Aglae's palm, and shook hands with M. Marron, thanking him for his hospitality. But he did not ask to take leave of Agathe—and he did well, for the poor child on reaching her room had fainted on the floor.

From The Athenæum.

#### THE AUSTRIAN POLAR EXPEDITION.

LIEUT. PAYER, of the Austro-Hungarian Polar Expedition, has published, in the *Neue Freie Presse*, a detailed account of his voyage and travels, from which we learn much more relating to the newly-discovered land than we have previously been able to place before our readers.

The Admiral Tegethoff was provisioned for three years. At Tromsø, M. Carlsen, a Norwegian captain, was taken on board as ice-master, and the vessel left that port on the 14th of July, 1872. About the end of the month the ice was met with, and the difficulties of the expedition commenced. When south of William Island the Admiral Tegethoff was joined by the Isbjørn, Count Wilczek's yacht, and afterwards the two vessels sailed together until the 21st of August, when they parted, and then for two years the Tegethoff was imprisoned in a compact mass of ice.

From the 29th of October the sun disappeared for 109 days, and during the first winter the sanitary state of the vessel gave trouble, as cases of scurvy and bronchitis broke out.

The new year (1873) found them without hope, helplessly drifting with the ice, which carried them to the north-east, until they reached longitude 73° E. On the 16th of February the sun again became visible. The greatest cold was experienced at the end of February, when the temperature was — 51° Fahr., and the beautiful Aurora gradually diminished in brilliancy as the sunlight increased.

From February the ice began to set to the north-west, the ship being raised seven feet above the water level, and with the ice forty feet thick under her. Thus she drifted until October, 1873, when she had reached the latitude 80° N. On the 31st of August, land was first seen to the north above the fog, but the crew were entirely precluded from reaching it. Lieut. Payer describes it as being "tantaling in the extreme to see a great tract of land and not be able to reach it." At the end of October an island was made out in front of the land first discovered. On it they landed, in 79° 54m north, and they named it after the promoter of the expedition, Count Wilczek. On the 22nd of October, the sun again left the ship for 125 days, but the discovery of the land had reanimated the explorers, and having got accustomed to their icy prison, they did not feel so de-

pressed as in the former winter. Magnetic, meteorological, and other observations, gave constant occupation to the officers. The question of abandoning the vessel was now seriously considered.

Towards the latter end of March, it was resolved to make an attempt to explore the land by means of sledges, and they did so, and first reached a picturesque fiord, between Capes Tegethoff and McClintock, with mountains rising on either side to 2,500 feet, and at the head an enormous glacier, which was named *Sonklar Glacier*. The fiord was called *Nordenskiöld Fiord*. The country was entirely without sign of life; great dolomite mountains rose like colossal crystallizations into colonnades; the temperature was as low as  $-58^{\circ}$  Fahr. on the journey, and was felt intensely during the night. The crew then returned to the ship and prepared for another journey. It was at this time that the engineer died, and he was buried during a violent snow-storm. On the 24th of March, they again started with the sledges, but could only take three of the dogs, as all the others were either dead or unfit for service. An immense strait (Austria Strait) separated two masses of land, the one to the east being named Wilczek Land, and that to the west Zichy Land, and the whole Franz Joseph Land. The strait ran to the north as far as  $81^{\circ}$

50m, when it divided into two arms, an island, named Kronprinz Rudolph Land, forming the delta. The eastern arm could be seen as far as  $82^{\circ}$  10m, while the western one led into an immense open sea. Dolomite is the predominating rock, rising abruptly in the form of truncated cones, which recalled vividly the Abyssinian mountains. The height was generally about 2,000 feet, but some summits reached to about 5,000 feet. All the valleys are filled with enormous glaciers: one, named the *Dove Glacier*, does not yield in importance to the immense Humboldt Glacier in Kennedy Channel. Old drift wood was met with, but not in large quantities, and the only animal was the white bear. Many of the views were grand.

After undergoing much peril, on the 12th of April, 1874, the explorers reached Cape Fligely, in latitude  $82^{\circ}$  5m, on the west coast of Rudolph Land, where immense numbers of birds were seen. It was here that land was observed to the north as far as the  $83^{\text{rd}}$  degree of latitude. The high point in the extreme north was named *Cape Vienna*, the land to the west *Oscar Land*, and that to the east *Petermann Land*.

Then followed the final abandonment of the ship, and the journey, by sledges and boats to Novaya Zemlya, and thence to Norway.

ATTENTION has lately been directed to the question of facilitating commercial intercourse between British India and Siam, and there can be no doubt that the development of a trade between the two countries would be highly beneficial to both. A glance at the map shows the immense border tract that the kingdom of Siam holds lying along the frontier of our Eastern Empire. From lat.  $21^{\circ}$  deg. to lat.  $10^{\circ}$  deg. this tract trenches on lands now beginning to be opened up to commerce by colonists in British Burmah, Pegu, and Tenasserim. It is covered by dense forests of teak, probably the only ones now available for market, and which have been frequently the subject of disputes as to ownership in the law courts of India—disputes, however, which have been obviated by a recent treaty. At lat.  $10^{\circ}$  deg. the frontiers meet on the Isthmus of Kraw, perhaps destined at some future day to form a field for the enterprise of a second M. Lesseps, when vessels are tired of the long round of the route to China by the Straits. The greater part of the

trade of these upper districts finds its vent at our ports of Rangoon and Moulmein. From Kraw to the borders of the Malayan peninsula, at the apex of which stands Singapore, the whole coast of Siam abounds in minerals of remarkable richness, principally tin. These are now worked by colonies of Chinese to a considerable extent. On the eastern side of this long promontory lies the Gulf of Siam, at the head of which stands Bangkok, the present capital. The delta of the river Menam, upon which Bangkok is built, about thirty-four miles from the sea, produces rice in great abundance, while the coast and the upper districts of the vast valley watered by the river and its tributaries grow sugar, cotton, indigo, pepper, drugs, dye-woods, and the usual products of tropical countries. Rich silver mines are known to exist, and under the present Government the celebrated gold mines are being energetically worked. Such being the natural advantages of Siam, it seems, also, to have been fortunate of late years in the character of its rule. Since its treaty of 1856 with



Great Britain, the immunities secured to Europeans have been conscientiously observed by the Siamese Government. Life and property have been perfectly secure during that period. The priests have never interfered with the toleration invariably allowed by the State, and the late king himself gave the ground for the erection of a place of Christian worship. The present king, it is well known, has introduced a variety of reforms of the European type since his accession in November, 1873. In the previous year he returned from a four months' tour to Singapore, Penang, Rangoon, Calcutta, Bombay, &c., and his present civilizing policy is no doubt the result of his intercourse with Lord Mayo and the high officials of India. He has organized an Imperial and Privy Council for the affairs of the nation, founded a high court of appeal for clearing off legal arrears, introduced a uniform mathematical standard of weights and measures, and established a method of auditing the public accounts and providing for the better payment and training of the troops and the police of the town and country. On the whole, Siam may well be compared with Japan in respect of the rapid progress in civilization which it is making. The only danger is that of going too fast; and it is to be hoped that wise advisers of the king may warn him that many European customs, however well suited to our conditions of social life, are not to be violently introduced among Oriental populations, certainly not among a people who, though of docile and gentle manners, have still strong prejudices of their own.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE Russian naval journal *Morskoi Zbornik* gives some particulars relative to the present condition of the Russian navy. The total number of ships of war in Russian waters is 525, 29 of which are ironclads, and they carry 921 guns. Their total burthen amounts to 172,401 tons, and their steam-power to 31,978 horses. The personnel consists of 1,305 officers (including 81 admirals), 513 pilots, 210 artillery engineers, 145 marine engineers, 545 mechanical engineers, 56 marine architects, 297 admiralty officials, 260 surgeons, 480 civil officials, and 24,500 subordinates of various ranks. The ships are distributed as follows:—In the Baltic there are 27 ironclads and 110 unarmoured steamers, 70 of which do not carry guns, and the rest have about 200 guns in all. The same number of guns are to be placed on the ironclads, four of which are still in course of construction. The Black Sea fleet consists of 2 ironclads and 29 unarmoured steamers. The ironclads (one of which is not yet ready for service) are armed with four guns, and the other steamers, except four which do not carry guns, with 45. In the

Caspian there are 20 unarmoured steamers, 1 of which is in course of construction, and 9 are without guns; the rest have 45 guns in all. The Siberian flotilla consists of 28 steamers, seven of which carry 36 guns between them; and the Aral flotilla has six small steamers, five of which are armed with thirteen guns. In the White Sea there are three ships of war with four guns. The educational department of the Russian Admiralty comprises a naval school for 265 pupils at St. Petersburg, a scientific school for 220 pupils, a training-school for 400 boys, and a writing-school for 150 sailors at Cronstadt, and a midshipmen's school, a shipbuilding-school, and a school for sailor's daughters at Nicolaieff. A sum of 442,941 roubles for the expenses of these schools is included in the Budget of the present year.

Pall Mall Gazette.

ANOTHER of the German States has declared itself as uncompromisingly opposed to the pretensions of the Church to independence as Prussia herself. Indeed, in some respects the new law laid before the Chamber of Hesse Darmstadt goes beyond the Falk legislation in scope, for it imitates an Act already passed in Baden, by making it an offence in a priest to use his spiritual office in any way for the purpose of influencing elections. In fact, in this matter both these States would seem to have been taking a leaf out of Judge Keogh's book; only what we are arriving at by process of case-law they are laying down by direct legislation. A spiritual court is to be appointed under the bill, in manifest imitation of that at Berlin which has recently stripped Archbishop Ledochowski of his see, and is to be composed of seven members, four at least being ordinary lay judges or magistrates. No spiritual penalty inflicted by any Church power is in future to be allowed that can in any way trench upon the civic rights of the alleged offender. This provision, of course, touches the Protestant communities, ostensibly at least, no less than the Roman; but other articles are directed exclusively against the latter. For instance, religious processions are no longer to occupy the public roads without the previous permission of the proper civic authorities. No new establishment of any religious order is to be founded in any part of the Grand Duchy, nor are those now existing to receive any additional members. They are intended, therefore, apparently to die out; the only exceptions allowed being the Ursuline nuns and other sisterhoods which devote themselves to education, whose continuance may be permitted by special licence in the case of each house from the Minister of the Interior.

Pall Mall Gazette.